Cold Blue Desire

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Summary

After Laketown has burned down, the dwarf stragglers camp out for the night. And Fili gets more than he bargained for when he decides to perv on his brother having sex with his new elf girlfriend. Perhaps one night of reckless lust might be the undoing of both of them? Especially when their Uncle Thorin finds out all about it and decides he wants a piece of the action for himself...

This story will contain lots of graphic smut, and is not meant for teens or the faint hearted. You have been warned!

Notes

Chapter One: After Smaug had burnt down Laketown, the four dwarves of Thorin’s Company were stranded by the lake. Deciding to stay put for the night and rejoin their company in the morning, this is how they entertained themselves for those midnight hours...

Warning Reminder: Lots of graphic smut, hints of noncon, and filthy sexual depravity. Don’t read this if you might get upset by any of these things or are a minor!!
Chapter 1

The wind blew softly over the little makeshift camp, its cold breath forcing the tattered refugees towards their campfires for the night. Some of them had chosen to camp right on the beach, but Fili and Kili had known better than that, and had found a hidden spot inside an old barn, lying secluded in the trees around the lake.

Oin and Bofur had drifted off earlier in the evening. The healer was doing his rounds tending to the injured people, and Bofur was no doubt sniffing out whether any Laketown beer had been salvaged. And whether any pretty Laketown lasses might have a cold spot in their beds that needed filling.

After the sounds of the makeshift camp fell silent for the night, Fili tucked himself under an old felt blanket he’d found and waited for his brother to return to the barn. But there was no hay left inside the rotten old sty. The roof had collapsed a long time ago and part of the ceiling lay exposed to the stars, so Fili had wasted no time in setting a fire in the corner of the old building. He just hoped the flames would last the night. Kili had volunteered to fetch some firewood to keep it going, and despite Fili’s protests he’d hobbled out of the barn and disappeared into the trees.

Fili sighed, and wondered how long it would be before his brother returned. He was uneasy – his brother should not be outside on his own, in his recovering state. His leg was still healing from the arrow shot.

He shivered under the blanket, growing impatient. His clothes had been damp, after their journey from Bard’s house to the shore in the rickety boat, and though he’d removed what he could to hang around the fire, he was loathe to remove everything and leave his skin uncovered. A fine linen undershirt and leggings, plus the felt blanket, were the only barriers he had against the cold night air.

He sat up as he heard his brother had returned. Kili’s face was red and his eyes were shining in the light of the fire.

“Where have you been, Kili? I was getting worried. Did you manage to find more firewood?”

His brother turned to him, surprise on his face. “Firewood? Oh, I’m sorry, I forgot. I was... talking to someone.”

“Really?” Fili could not hide the displeasure from his voice. No doubt his brother had been harassing the red-haired elf again. The elf maid had done well in saving his brother’s life, but he didn’t like the way his brother looked at her. Nor the way that she played up to his brother’s besotted glances by running her fingers through her long red hair, or emphasising the curve of her hip when she stared back at young Kili with her big doe-like eyes.

“Yes – I saw Bofur. He’s managed to find a fine supply of ale from one of the Laketown taverns, and he tried to persuade me to drink with him.”

“You know what he’s like. He’ll feel the worse for it in the morning.”

“I’m sure the innkeeper’s daughter will feel worse when she sobers up.”

Fili yawned, his thoughts turning to sleep. “She won’t be the first woman to wake up with a dwarf’s babe in her belly.” He thought back idly to the first woman he’d taken – him just a boy of 60 – and her a fine, buxom wife of a travelling blacksmith. She’d left the Blue Mountains much thicker in the waist than when she’d arrived, and he suspected her aged husband had little to do with it.
They said that dwarf seed was far more potent than that of any man, and that a woman who slept with a dwarf almost always fell pregnant with his child. It was said, amongst their people, in hushed tones, that dwarf seed was even strong enough to render a male dwarf pregnant. And that this was the reason why men wrongly believed that dwarf women had beards – for the shamed, outcast creatures with their swollen bellies were taken as female...

“I suppose you would know more about that than me.” Kili countered.

Kili had always been more responsible in his dealings with the opposite sex than Fili. Despite looking up to his older brother in many ways, he seemed to think his golden-haired brother had something of a selfish nature when it came to women. Promising them gold and treasures unbounded, and casting them aside before their figures began changing for the worst. And while Fili was always restrained and dashing in his dealings with the dwarrowdams, knowing he’d choose the prettiest for a wife when his legacy was settled, none of the older dwarves much cared about how he used the young women that came drifting through his bed.

Kili loved his brother deeply, but knew his vanity would be his undoing one day.

Fili shrugged, resting his head on his rolled up tunic. “You’re young, Kili. You will understand more about these things when you are older. Go to sleep. We have a long day ahead of us tomorrow.”

The blue-eyed dwarf closed his eyes, wondering how much gold was lying waiting for them in the deep, dark vaults beneath the Lonely Mountain. And how much dragon fire they would have to overcome to reach their reward.

Kili stared at his brother, lying restfully under the blanket on the opposite side of the little fire, and smiled to himself.

“You’re not the only one who can pull the ladies.” He thought smugly.

It must have been three o’clock in the morning when Fili woke, for the night was dark and silent. Beside him, the fire had gone out and the barn was cold. But that hadn’t been what had woken him.

He could hear footsteps in the doorway – light and soft footsteps, like those of a woman. He squinted his eyes open a little to check, making a mental note that his sword was some way off – by the other end of the barn, beside their cooking gear.

The footsteps grew louder, and Fili realised that whoever was coming was treading stealthily, so as to avoid detection. His eyes could make out a tall, feminine shape, and in the starlight through the roof he saw a glint of long, red hair.

The elf maid! She was coming into their barn. Was she coming to slit their throats as they slept?

Fili almost sat up in amazement, and was about to address her sharply when he heard his brother giggle.

“You came then, Tauriel? Did Legolas fall asleep?”

The elf maid giggled back. “Eventually he did. He kept rubbing himself up to me all night, thinking I would give in and take him into my bed. He didn’t suspect I’d made other arrangements...”
Fili opened his mouth to speak, but stopped, curious as to what this elf maid wanted with his little brother.

He listened in the dark as Kili drew back the blanket in silent invitation to the tall, slender lady, but she just stood there, breathing heavily. Fili rolled over slowly onto his side, careful to ensure they would not hear his movements, and engineered a better view of her for himself.

In the starlight coming in through the door, he saw her unbutton her dress and step out of it with a languid grace, revealing her bare breasts and taught muscles.

Fili felt a surge in his groin as his eyes drank in her tight stomach, flat and youthful, and her long, shapely legs. Around her thighs, she wore a flimsy set of loose shorts, which she slid down an inch to expose her hipbones.

“You can remove these, Kili. I want to feel your hands undress me.” Her voice was light, and teasing.

Fili shut his eyes as the elf maid strode suggestively to his brother’s bed, her face barely four feet away from his own. He didn’t want them to think he was spying on them.

“Oh, your hands are cold, Tauriel!” His little brother gasped as the elf maid straddled him, running her fingers up and down the soft, youthful dwarf skin on Kili’s lightly furred chest. Fili heard their breathing growing harder and heavier, and wondered if he should roll over and ignore them.

“Just rip them off, Kili, I don’t care...”

He saw the silhouette of his brother attending to the elf maid’s last scrap of clothing, and heard the tearing of fabric as her shorts were discarded onto the ground beside Kili’s bed. She began to moan, and Fili could see his brother had sat up to meet her body head-on, his hands out of sight in the darkness. He heard the wet sound of kissing, and the elf maid’s body began to bend into his brother’s.

“Oh, that’s good, Kili, do it harder...”

Fili couldn’t take his eyes off the dark silhouette, wondering what his brother was doing to her. He saw the outline of his brother’s mouth, attached to the elf maid’s breasts, and heard her cry out in pleasure as his brother sucked on the skin of her nipples.

She groaned as she let her body give in to the sensations, and Fili could feel his own heart rate quickening. It should be him pleasuring her like that, not his little brother! He would have her weeping with delight by now – just like the others. He knew how to touch their bodies to make them open up to his desires, kneading them and caressing them like wet clay with his hands, readying them to be shaped into vessels for his lust...

Kili sucked again at the elf maid’s breasts, his hand slapping the flat surface of her belly. “On your back, I want you now.” His voice was husky.

Without a word of complaint, the elf maid disappeared from Fili’s view as she reclined on Kili’s blanket. He saw his brother climb to his knees, carefully positioning himself with his weak leg, and heard the sound of the elf maid gasping as he toyed with her exposed body.

Unable to help himself, Fili reached for his own organ, finding it hard and engorged, and tugged at it with his sweaty hands. It was a poor substitute for a woman’s warmth, and he found his thoughts picturing the elf maid’s trembling body. How soft and red her pubic hair must be, lying over the tight, inviting folds of her sweet, deep vagina. It was all Fili could think of – how he wanted to bury...
himself in her and let his cock explode, filling her up with his salty seed so she would scream in ecstasy.

But his brother was the one she had chosen, and jealousy coursed through the blond dwarf’s veins.

He heard Kili’s breath rise sharply, and watched through half-closed eyes as his brother strained forward with his hips – and heard the elf maid’s deep, guttural moan as his little brother piled into her with a gasp. Her breathing rose and fell in time with his, as he thrust himself into her, his actions getting wilder and heavier each time as Kili neared his climax.

“Don’t let go… inside me…” Fili heard the elf whisper, but her voice trailed off into a cry as her body convulsed under Kili’s. Fili heard his brother groan deeply like a wounded animal, and saw his silhouette twitch as he lost control. The elf maid moaned helplessly, her orgasm wracking her body as the dwarf released himself of his needs.

Fili realised his own breath came shuddering in his ears, and felt a wetness on his palm. He wanted to grab hold of the elf maid from under his brother and force his sodden hand inside her, claiming her as his own and depriving his little brother of his first notch on the bedpost.

“Did you..?” The elf maid’s voice was sharp, despite her shortness of breath. Fili heard his brother grunt.

“I pulled out, Tauriel.” He sighed deeply, trying to catch his breath. “Next time, tell me sooner…”

Fili saw her sit up and kiss his brother, and heard their breathing return to normal as they caressed each other lightly.

“When you return from the mountain, I will be waiting for you here. Don’t make me wait too long, Kili…”

The elf maid giggled, and kissed his brother once last time. And then she rose to her feet and stepped into her dress, and glided out of the barn and into the starlight.

Fili shut his eyes again, willing his brother to find sleep quickly, so that he could relax and unwind his tangled thoughts at his own pleasure.

But Kili didn’t lie down. He remained sitting up, and turned his face towards his brother’s side.

“Did you enjoy that, brother?”

Fili opened his eyes in surprise. He obviously hadn’t been as subtle as he thought with himself.

“You woke me up. I couldn’t help but hear you.” He rolled away on his other side. “Next time, take her outside where you won’t disturb me.”

He heard his little brother laugh. “Don’t be like that, Fee.” There was a rustle of the blanket and Fili heard his brother’s voice once more, closer by his ear. “You enjoyed it. I know you did.”

Fili felt a pressure on his shoulder, as his little brother rubbed him through the felt fabric. “How does it feel to be the one left out in the cold, Fili?”

The blue-eyed dwarf swallowed thickly. “Is that how I make you feel, Kili? Are you angry with me?”

The rubbing stopped, and he heard his little brother’s soft laughter instead. “No, I’m not angry with
you. I just... wanted you to know what it’s like. To be the *jealous* one.”

Fili curled his lip, pouting in the dark. “I’m not jealous of you, little brother. I could have any of those women out there! I choose not to, because I want to be well rested for our mission tomorrow. Our uncle is relying on our support against the dragon!” He sighed, feeling a little better after his outburst.

His brother chuckled. “Relax, Fee. I’m not trying to make you mad. I was trying to make you sleepy – and satisfied.”

Fili scowled. “By waking me up?”

Kili laughed. “By making you *loosen* up.” His hand returned to rubbing Fili’s shoulder. “You’ve been stressed for days. Don’t think I haven’t seen it. I know you’re worried about the dragon, and about the quest.” He leant closer to Fili’s ear. “But I know what you like. And I know how to make you feel better. Don’t you want my help?” He whispered into Fili’s ear, and the blue-eyed dwarf shivered.

“The only way you can help me is by going to sleep.” Fili wrapped the blanket tighter round himself.

“But you won’t sleep, Fee. Not when you’re stressed and frustrated under the blanket like that.” He reached for the felt covering suddenly, and pulled it off, exposing his brother’s curled form down to his knees.

Fili gasped as Kili took his hand, and felt the sticky wetness that coated his fingers. “You don’t have to be lonely tonight, Fee. I can help you...” Kili’s hand groped around his brother’s body, exploring the wet patch around his Fili’s groin, and he laughed gently. “I knew you’d enjoy our little display.”

Fili felt his breath grow short as his brother’s hands ran over his chest. “I couldn’t help it.” He whispered softly.

In the darkness beside him, Kili nodded. “I know. And now you need something to settle those thoughts.” He brushed his hand against his brother’s cheek. “And give you release.” His lips brushed against Fili’s neck, and the older dwarf shuddered.

“No, Kili. I don’t want his. What would the others say?” He heard the pleading tone in his voice, and hated himself for it.

But his brother just laughed. “No one will ever know, Fee. Just you and me. And I can keep a secret – I’ve kept lots of them for you, over the years...”

Kili crawled into the space behind Fili, and started rolling his shirt up slowly. “I know you want this.” He nuzzled his brother’s blond braid out of the way, and tugged on his earlobe with his teeth. “You told me when the girls tell you to stop, it just means you haven’t warmed them up properly.”

Fili trembled at his brother’s touch, his thoughts swirling around crazily. He felt himself hardening again, as his brother whispered in his ear, and felt a sense of desire stir in his chest – but he didn’t want these confusing feelings.

His shirt was lifted up, and Kili’s hands roamed all over the skin on his back, inching round to the golden hair that coated his chest. His brother found his nipples hardening under his touch, and laughed in Fili’s ear. “Let go, Fee, and let me make you feel good.”

Fili groaned as his brother twisted his nipples, the pain muffling his growing sense of shame as he felt his body readying itself for pleasure. He tried weakly to sit up, but Kili’s arm held him down
forcefully. He would have to hurt him to escape, but Fili would never counter using violence against his younger brother.

So he lay there, feeling his breathing coming in shallow gasps – and Kili heard it too. He reached down and gripped his brother’s hard shaft through his leggings, and groaned loudly as he felt how long and stiff Fili had become.

“You would have loved the feel of her cunt, Fee. It was so tight and juicy...” He worked his older brother up and down, and Fili cried out with feeling as an illicit pleasure throbbed through him.

It felt so wrong for his brother to touch him like this – he felt guilty and ashamed – but it was so deliciously, transgressively good. His brother was beautiful – there was no mistaking that – and he was wild and impulsive and sexy. They’d shared so much over the years, and been so close to each other physically, that there was something intoxicating about the thought of them touching each other like this.

About them touching each other as lovers.

Nobody else knew Fili as well as his little brother, and nobody could ever understand him like Kili did either. They were already intimately acquainted, in every way except this, so why resist what felt so good?

No one need ever know...

He rolled onto his back, and felt Kili lie on top of him. He was heavier than Fili had thought.

The younger dwarf brought Fili’s hand up to feel his hot, hard cock, allowing the seed on his brother’s hand to coat his shaft from tip to base. He kissed his brother forcefully on the lips, and thrust his tongue into Fili’s mouth.

Fili gave into his brother’s actions, floating delightfully between ecstasy and guilt, and wondering where exactly this wicked pleasure would take him.

He felt Kili’s fingers around the top of his leggings, peeling them down, and suddenly realised what his brother had in mind. He struggled against Kili’s arm with a renewed vigour. “No, Kili – not like that.”

But his brother laughed. “I’ll be gentle, Fee.” Kili kissed the back of Fili’s neck, and rolled him over onto his stomach, pinning him down with his body. “Don’t you want to know what it’s like?”

His hands pulled Fili’s hips up into the air, forcing him onto his haunches like a beast.

Fili wondered if he should turn and smack his brother so hard that he lost consciousness. He knew he could do it if he tried. But he didn’t want to hurt Kili. And there was a little voice, inside of him, that knew Kili was right. He wanted to know. He loved sex – in all kinds of ways. He’d had women in every position he could put them in, whether they liked it so much or not – and his curiosity was aroused as much as his desire right now.

And who better to take him like a woman than his own brother? Kili would be gentle, because Kili loved him.

And Kili would tell nobody.

Fili allowed his leggings to be roughly pulled down, and caught his breath as he felt his brother kneading his butt cheeks. A gentle finger rubbed at his opening, and then probed deeper inside of
him, inch by inch. He heard himself whine, feeling exposed like a piece of meat on a slab, being prodded for inspection.

“Shh, it’s okay.” Kili’s voice was in his ear, and his kisses were all over his neck. “Relax, and let me open you up.”

Fili tried to comply, but when he felt his brother’s thick, hard cock rub between his cheeks, he almost bucked and gagged.

“Easy now, Fee.” Kili stuttered. He took one firm hand to his older brother’s hip, and slid another under his belly, working his shaft deftly to regain Fili’s compliance, while he repositioned his cock between his brother’s cheeks.

Fili felt the pressure build as his brother began the long, slow slide inside of him. Kili’s shaft was slick with Fili’s own seed, and he eased it forward gently, but Fili felt the pain anyway and cried. He was a hardened warrior, braver than any other dwarf, but the pain was intolerable.

“You’re hurting me!” he whispered, willing his brother to stop, but he could hear Kili’s breath coming ragged, and knew his brother wasn’t listening any more.

Kili gurgled in pleasure, and began to rock into his brother’s body, slowly at first, but building up to an urgent speed, each thrust forcing Fili open wider, and deeper, and notching up the agony he felt as his little brother tore him asunder.

“Yeah, oh yeah, that’s good!” Kili was panting, rocking himself into his golden-haired brother, and moaned in satisfaction as he pulled on Fili’s cock roughly, matching the rhythm as he both pleasured and pained his older brother’s writhing body.

Fili grunted as he felt his brother tense, as each thrust came tighter and stronger. “Yeah, oh yeah...” Kili groaned as he prepared himself for his release, and Fili felt a sudden sense of dread.

“Not inside me... please!”

But Kili ignored him, in the same way that Fili had ignored the countless women who’d begged him in the same way, just as he was hitting his stride inside them.

His brother pounded into him with a cry, and buried himself as deeply as he could inside Fili. The pain was unbelievable, and Fili felt a wetness oozing down the back of his thigh. He was unsure whether it was blood, or Kili’s own seed, and felt a giddiness surge over him.

Kili squeezed his brother’s hips, as his cock spasmed repeatedly inside his brother, his breath coming in shuddering gasps and he climaxed for the second time that night.

Fili felt his brother’s hand on his cock, milking him roughly, and felt his own load release onto the blanket beneath him, his seed surging thick and white and warm from his swollen shaft onto the blue felt.

His brother withdrew himself from his body, and sat there a moment, catching his breath, while Fili stared hard at the round in front of him, wondering what he’d just done. What he’d allowed to be done to him.

Kili smacked him roughly on the butt, and bent down to give his brother’s sweaty back a kiss.

“We’ll tell nobody about this, Fee. Ever.” He collapsed onto the floor by Fili, and Fili lowered himself slowly onto his belly, mindful of the pain still blossoming deep within him.
“You didn’t pull out, Kee. What if...”

“What if what?”

Fili said nothing, not wanting to voice his fears, in case he sounded ridiculous. He shook his head, as if trying to dislodge the anxiety he felt in his own breast. “Nothing.”

Kili turned to him, his dark eyes sparkling in the starlight outside. “We should sleep now brother, we have a big day tomorrow.”

Fili nodded silently, afraid to look into Kili’s eyes after what had just happened. “You’re right. We should.”

Kili kissed him on the forehead lightly, his breath returned to normal already. His tone was bright and breezy. “Well then, sleep well, my beautiful brother.”

Fili closed his eyes, his peace of mind shattered, and his body exhausted. “Good night, Kee.”

He brought the felt blanket over his shoulders, and closed his eyes, hoping sleep would take him quickly. And that he would awake to find this had all been just a vivid dream...
Chapter 2

The four dwarf stragglers set off early the next morning in the boat, all of them eager to reach Erebor and find the rest of their company.

Though the dragon had been slain, who knew what damage it had done to their beautiful kingdom, or to their friends themselves? And what if there were more of the wyrms, hiding in the shadows waiting to seek vengeance for the death of Smaug?

So they were all extremely relieved to discover their friends safe and well, and Erebor lying mostly intact, with enough gold stuffed in her vaults to satisfy the greediest of dwarves. When the latecomers arrived, Thorin insisted they take a tour of the place with him, and he personally showed them around the heaving piles of gold that choked the lower chambers of the kingdom.

Fili had never seen so much of the beautiful metal in one place before, and the sight of it delighted him and much improved his mood. He had been rather grumpy for most of the day, preoccupied with a dull-pain in his abdomen and chest, and the sharper, tighter pain in his butt – a pain that brought shame to his heart when he remembered the sick delight he’d taken in its purchase.

The blue-eyed dwarf eyed the gold with enthusiasm, dreaming of the day when he could call it his own. The piles of it lay so deep, he could go swimming through it. He could fashion the finest golden jewellery and golden garments for himself and his fair-faced queen, and fuck her senseless from behind while he stared at the lovely, shimmering gold...

...and maybe when he was done with his wife, he could summon his brother, and Kili could fuck him senselessly until he shook the lovely, shimmering golden mountain down on them both...

Fili shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts, feeling his cheeks redden even as his uncle boasted and prattled on to their friends. From across their tour group, he saw his brother give him a wink, and he stared quickly at the floor, feeling suddenly lightheaded.

“Uncle, I need to lie down – I do not feel well.”

His Uncle stopped his boring speech, and looked at Fili in concern. His eyes lingered on his nephew’s body, checking for signs of damage.

“What is wrong, Fili? Were you hurt in Laketown?”

“Uh, no. I just feel dizzy and tired. Can I see the rest of Erebor tomorrow and be excused please, Uncle?”

The whole party turned to stare at him, and Fili felt their eyes all over him, watching his every move with scrutinious judgement.

Fili felt sure they could see through him, and that somehow they knew what he’d done last night. What Kili had done to him.

“Yes, you may. But come and join us for supper later, Fili. I hope you are recovered by then.”

So Fili trudged back up the many stairs to his chambers, feeling exhausted by the time he reached his room. He opened the door and flopped on his bed, his body and mind exhausted and uneasy. The pain in his chest was centred around his nipples – they felt sore and itchy from the inside out. And the aches he suffered lower down were as bad as ever.
He sighed, shutting his eyes and relaxing on his back on the bed, until he heard his bedroom door opening with a creak...

Kili sauntered in, a sheepish grin on his handsome face.

“Are you not well, brother? Tell me what is troubling you?”

Kili came and sat on the bed, and put one of his hands on Fili’s forehead, as if taking his temperature. Fili sat up quickly, like he’d been electrically shocked, and shook his head.

“I’m fine, Kee. I’m just.. tired. And a bit sore.” He stared down at his knees, not wanting to meet Kili’s eyes. “From last night.”

“And where is it sore? Was I too rough?”

Fili stared at his brother, and saw guilt on Kili’s boyish face – and surprise too.

“No, Kee, it’s my chest – it’s like the skin is on fire. Maybe I just need a good soak in a salt bath?”

Kili looked at him, and a slow smile formed on his face.

“I could see if I can kiss you better.”

Fili at once found himself shaking his head, genuine fear in his heart about what would happen if he felt his brother’s lips on him again.

“We shouldn’t do that again, Kee. It’s not...” He gasped as he felt his younger brother push him backwards against the pillows, rolling up the blue linen shirt Fili wore to expose his bare chest.

Kili stared in fascination at his brother’s hard, sculpted muscles, rippling over his ribcage and covered in short, golden curls. Fili didn’t dare move, and realised he was waiting for his brother to touch him – he was too scared of the consequences yet craved the awful pleasure once more.

Wordlessly, Kili smiled, and kissed his brother’s chest.

“Kili, please...” He felt his brother’s hand cupping his pecs, and squeezing each layer of muscle between the golden curls and his belly button, inspecting the craftsmanship that had resulted from his brother’s gym routine.

“Relax, Fee.”

And Kili lowered his mouth to Fili’s chest, and flicked his tongue over a sensitive, pained nipple. Fili closed his eyes and groaned, and Kili enclosed his lips around the entirety. He teased the nipple with his teeth and Fili clenched his jaw, willing his brother to either stop or to suck him properly.

Kili could feel his brother’s need, and eased off cruelly. It was not nearly enough to release Fili from his suspense, and he knew it.

“Please, Kili...”

His brother licked the swollen nipple slowly. Fili felt his eyes rolling back in his head and a rush of adrenaline surge through his blood. His breath came shaky and his voice was a whisper.

“Please... do it. Do it hard.”

Knowing he’d won, Kili began to suck his brother’s nipple, his tongue working the area around. He
increased the pressure until Fili’s moans became pained, and his brother tried to struggle free.

“Is that better, older brother?”

Fili looked at him, his eyes half closed. He could feel his cock stirring, but suddenly didn’t want Kili to know. He was not his brother’s plaything, to be manipulated like this...

“That was enough, Kee. No more.”

Kili pouted at him. “I think you want more than that.”

Fili sat up, and affected a stronger voice than the real one he possessed.

“Well I don’t. I think you should leave me be now, Kili. I need some rest!”

His brother shrugged, and with a brazen smile, got up off the bed and sauntered out the door. He didn’t bother to give Fili a second glance, or even shut the door. Fili watched him go with a sense of dread, and once he was finally out of sight, let out a gasp of relief.

Without thinking, his hand went straight to his throbbing crotch, finding his shaft, and freeing it from the fly on his leather trousers. His cock was hard and ready, and Fili pumped himself vigorously, closing his eyes, imagining he was somewhere else...

He thought of the blacksmith’s wife and her bouncing, big breasts. And how she’d let him bury his entire face in them until he thought he would smother... And how she’d moaned with delight when he’d sucked on her thick, woman’s nipples – before she’d fully understood what he’d done to her and realised that she would bear his child. While her body was still like that of a virgin’s, and her head full of silly nonsense about romance and handsome princes...

Fili loved doing it to them. He loved the sex – and if his enjoyment meant they would pay the price for it, he could live with that. There was always another willing woman when they started to get swollen and ugly...

He felt his cock starting to tremble as he neared his climax, and suddenly the image changed from that of the blacksmith’s dark haired wife to his own brother’s face. He saw himself stuffing his cock inside the butt of his squirming, groaning brother, instead of the squealing woman. And before the shame could set in he felt the seed jetting out of his cock all over his hand, coming in fast, hot spurts. He felt his toes curl on the bed as his body stretched out in abandon, and Fili craned his head back on the pillow and cried out in wonderful, illicit pleasure.

He didn’t even notice the door open again, or the footsteps padding over to the bed. The first time he became aware of Kili’s presence was as he felt his brothers lips on his, kissing him gently.

Fili kissed him back, resistance leaving him, and felt his brother’s kiss grow harder until Kili broke free.

“I knew you wanted me, Fee. I knew you would touch yourself to make it all better. But what about me? And what I need?”

Fili felt himself being rolled over onto his stomach again, and his brother unlatched the belt around his trousers. Wanting to protest, yet unwilling to resist, Fili raised himself onto his knees, aiding his brother’s removal of the trousers, and he shivered as he felt his Kili’s shaking hand stroking the softly haired skin on his firm, quivering butt cheek.

“Fee? Are you ready for this...?” His brother’s voice was soft.
Fili nodded slowly, shutting his eyes, bracing for the pain...

And this time, Kili took him hard. Harder than Fili had expected.

He tried not to scream as a searing, tearing pain engulfed him, and he heard his brother’s grunts grow louder as the choked sobs shook his shoulders. Kili knew it was hurting him, and he was enjoying it anyway... and so was he. The pain felt delicious. It was all he deserved, for allowing his brother to seduce him like this. He was the older one. He should know better.

His little brother grunted and tugged on Fili’s hips, pulling his butt firmly around the base of his shaft and forcing the whole length of his thick dwarf’s cock inside Fili’s wrenched-open passage. The pain was becoming more than he wanted to bear – it was too much, too soon, and Fili tried to wriggle his hips free from the relentless pounding, but Kili held him down tight and showed him no mercy. His struggles seemed to arouse his brother, and Kili’s voice rose in a high-pitched wail as the shooting pleasure in his cock exploded.

His hands loosed their grip as he pumped his seed deep into his older brother, and Kili withdrew himself quickly, so a flood of his sperm and Fili’s own blood dribbled down his older brother’s thigh, making a mess of the bed sheets.

The two of them lay panting on the bed, a sheen of sweat covering both their glistening bodies, as Kili basked in glory while Fili was left with more shame and pain.

“You’re mine now, Fee. You know that, don’t you?” His brother leant over and kissed him possessively on his trembling butt.

Fili felt a tear roll down his cheek, and lay carefully on his stomach.

“I think you should go now, Kee.”

“Whatever. I need a wash.” He felt Kili rise shakily from the bed, and strut towards the door. But when he reached the doorway, he stopped and stroked his hips flirtatiously at his older brother.

“I’ll see you later.” His brother whispered from the doorway, before closing it.

And Fili lay still on the bed, his bare, leaking ass open to the cold air for scant relief, as he closed his eyes and wept softly.

And after the merciful sleep overtook him, he didn’t notice the tiny dribble of milk that leaked from his bruised nipple, and trickled down his hairy chest onto the sheets.
As the winter snows started to fall around the kingdom of Erebor, and the edges of the lake began to freeze over, most of the dwarfs of Thorin’s company were settling down into nice relaxing routines inside the mountain. There was a plentiful supply of meat and grain to buy from the men of Laketown, and the old kingdom had turned cozy and warm once the fires in the big halls had been lit.

The dwarves sat back and looked forward to a time of feasting, drinking, and revelry after their long and arduous quest.

All of them that is, except Fili and Kili.

The aching in Fili’s abdomen never went away, and with every passing week it only seemed to get worse, heading further down his bloating belly and hooking up with the scars Kili kept tearing for him during their ever-frequent liaisons. Though initially it had scared Fili and reminded him of all the whispered stories he’d heard as a boy – about the bearded ladies – he’d reassured himself it was no more than a side effect of the nocturnal abuse his body was taking, and paid it no heed.

But he wanted the sex to stop. And definitely – at some point, in the future, it would. It could never be allowed to continue once he was courting himself his pretty dwarrowsdam wife – he would save all his attentions for her. But for now, he reasoned that he’d been so starved of female companionship on the quest – that desperate times called for desperate measures.

But late at night, he’d lie there, clutching his swelling belly, and wonder what he was doing. He knew he was careering into disaster somehow, but he was powerless to stop himself. And there was a darker, bleaker truth bubbling away beneath it all.

He felt powerless to stop Kili.

Kili – who would slink into his room, scantily clad, every night. He’d smell of the walnut oil he rubbed on his archer’s hands to save them chafing on the bow, and of fresh sweat. His little baby brother, who had always been so beautiful and sensual, would cast those brown eyes over Fili’s reluctant curves under the linen sheets, and Fili would feel a lusty fire light deep down inside himself. His body craved his brother’s, like the sun craved the moon, and taking in Kili’s seed made him feel more complete than penetrating any woman ever had.

There was a savagery and vitality in Kili’s thrusting that awakened Fili’s animal masculinity and overwhelmed his sense of propriety. And despite the pain he experienced in each sweaty pounding – for Kili rarely took the trouble to warm him up – his body was changing and loosening to accommodate his brother’s thick cock, and both of them could feel it. It thrilled them both.

His body belonged to Kili now.

And Kili would not stop.

Fili didn’t know why his brother was doing this to him, and it troubled him. Normally he could read that dwarf so easily, and tell exactly what he was thinking, but Kili’s motivations were hidden behind the cloud of lust he provoked during his nightly seductions.

Fili thought about trying to find out. He considered following his younger brother out to the glade in the woods where he practised shooting, or heading with him to the makeshift Laketown village by the ice to trade for furs, but he dreaded trying to find words to brooch the subject. For what if Kili
took offense, and the fucking stopped? And besides, these short, sunless winter days and sleepless nights were sapping Fili’s energy. He felt too tired to move most mornings, and spent most days drinking peppermint tea to soothe his sore stomach while polishing his vast collection of hunting knives.

And it was on such a day as this, that Fili’s ordeal truly began.

He was sat on his bed, idly rubbing beeswax onto his leather jacket, when there came a heavy knock on the door.

Fili looked up, frowning. He was not expecting anybody – and his brother didn’t bother to knock.

“Come in,” he called, putting his jacket to one side and preparing himself for company.

The door creaked open, and in strode his uncle and Oin. Both wore stern and sober expressions.

“Fili,” his uncle addressed him, “I apologise for coming into your chambers like this, but there is something we must discuss. Something private.”

The blond dwarf tossed his braids over his shoulder, sitting upright. “Alright, if we must. But why is Oin here if this is a private matter?”

Thorin nodded to the healer, and Oin stepped forward to address the dwarf prince. “Fili, it has come to my attention that your health might be afflicted.” He stared directly at the young dwarf. “Your uncle thinks it prudent that I... examine you, to make sure you are not unwell.”

Fili felt a sliver of icy fear down his back, as though the bearded ladies were breathing down his neck. “What? What sort of examination?”

His uncle cleared his throat. “People have been talking, Fili. And I cannot have your health jeopardised, or do nothing in the face of these vile rumours. So we must examine you to seek the truth.”

Thorin’s blue eyes were bright and alert, and travelled over Fili’s body, searching and probing, as if trying to look through the young dwarf’s clothes. “You must undress for us, Fili.”

Fili’s eyes widened. He had not been expecting this.

Beside his uncle, the white-haired old healer nodded. “Please, remove your clothes, Fili. I must conduct a full physical examination.”

Fili shivered, but realised he could do nothing but comply to the request. Anything else would be taken as an admission of guilt – although he wasn’t really sure what he was being accused of.

Slowly, and awkwardly, he removed his tunic. And then had to stand to remove his trousers. He looked hopefully towards the older dwarves, watching him undress silently with pursed lips, but his uncle shook his head.

“All of it, Fili.”

So Fili unhooked his leggings, and let them fall to the floor, exposing at once his full, naked form to the unabashed, staring eyes. And straight away, Fili felt horribly self-conscious. In the pale morning light coming through his windows, his belly looked even fuller than normal, and the cold air in the room left his nipples hard and shrunk his genitals. He wanted to turn away from the prying eyes and hide away, but his honour would not allow it.
“Lie down on your back,” the healer commanded, “I will begin the examination.”

And without warning, Oin’s cold, wrinkly hands took hold of Fili’s warm, soft belly – running lightly over the skin, and pushing, and squeezing, here and there as they went. The sensation made Fili instantly nauseous, and he squeezed his eyes tightly shut at the horrible feelings the old dwarf’s hands aroused in him.

Oin made a clucking, tutting noise as he went, and Fili cringed, hoping it would be soon over. Especially when the dwarf’s hands moved to Fili’s chest.

With his cold, hard knuckles, the healer rubbed and kneaded at his chest, before working towards Fili’s tender nipples. And then – in a manoeuvre that brought a gasp from the prone dwarf – the old dwarf began pulling on him, as if milking the teats of a goat. Fili tried not to struggle, but the feeling was unpleasant in the extreme.

“Is this... really necessary?” He opened his eyes and glared at the healer, but the healer lips just smiled thinly and his jagged fingers kept pulling. And then suddenly, he must have found what he was looking for. Fili felt a sudden wet sensation on his chest, and looked down to see a white globule of liquid bubble from the top of one of his bruised nipples.

Oin turned to Thorin immediately. “You see?”

Fili felt a deep fear run through his body now, and tried to look to his uncle for reassurance. But Thorin would not look at him. Instead he waved his hand towards the healer angrily.

“Turn him over. Examine him for the signs.”

“What? What is it?” Fili felt his lip wobble, but the healer urged him onto his stomach, and Fili once more complied, feeling a sense of dread inside, and glad to escape from his uncle’s hostile eyes.

He heard the sounds of Oin sliding on a leather glove, and suddenly guessed what they were about to do. His heart sank.

And in confirmation of his worst fears, the old dwarf roughly parted his butt cheeks, and quickly inserted a long, boney finger into Fili’s asshole. He wiggled it about inside, checking how flexible Fili was, and moved his old, haggard face closer to the opening. Fili clenched his jaw, feeling his face redden with the indignity of it.

“He’s loose. And there’s traces of blood around the orifice.” The dwarf’s tone was neutral and mechanical, and completely devoid of emotion, as if Fili was no longer there.

“Leave us, Oin.”

The intruding finger withdrew, and Fili heard the healer’s hesitant footsteps move towards the door, and in a second the old dwarf was gone. It was just him and his uncle now. Fili rose to his elbows, and sat down, his blue eyes wide with confusion and fear.

“What is it?”

His uncle’s face was red and furious, enough on its own to make Fili tremble.

“You’re pregnant.”

The words were sharp and accusing, and Fili flinched instinctively.
“But.. I’m a male! How can I be pregnant?”

Thorin glared down at him. “That’s what happens to us when we let other male dwarves fuck us in the ass, Fili!”

Fili felt sick, and lightheaded. It couldn’t be true, he couldn’t be... carrying his brother’s child...

He thought back to all the times Kili had blown his load inside him, and felt suddenly ill. So the stories were true after all.

His uncle leaned over him, his voice tight with barely-concealed fury. “Who has done this to you, Fili? You are no shirt-lifter. Who was it? Tell me, and I will have his head on a spike!”

Fili swallowed thickly. What should he say? He could never confess the truth to his uncle, and betray his brother...

He would have to lie.

He shook his head, his mind cool and rational despite the fear he felt.

“There was a dwarf in Laketown, uncle. From the Iron Hills. I... shared some ale with him and passed out. When I woke, I think he must have done things to me...”

His uncle hung on his every word.

“And who was this dwarf, Fili? What was his name? I will have the lands scoured for him.”

Fili ran a hand through his hair, and realised the hand was shaking. He quickly lowered it, hoping his uncle hadn’t seen his fear. As if the shame he felt already was not bad enough.

“I don’t remember, uncle. He was using a man’s name. Not a dwarf’s name. I don’t think he was on friendly terms with his relations back home.”

Thorin growled darkly. “How surprising.”

And the older dwarf turned his back on Fili, and strolled to the window. His tread was slow and heavy, and his bearing was dark. Fili wondered whether he might get dressed now, and cover himself up, but he felt too weak to move. He suddenly wanted to curl up and sleep. Beside his brother, where he could pretend this was all a dream...

His uncle turned to him sharply, a deep frown on his face.

“Do you know what our laws say about dwarfs like you, Fili? What the penalty is for such licentious behaviour?” His voice was threatening.

Fili shook his head. “I don’t know!”

Thorin turned to the window again, taking in the view of the mountainside.

“The penalty is death, Fili.”

Fili felt the breath leave him. He stared at his uncle’s back, but his uncle wouldn’t turn to look at him.

“What? How is that...?”

His uncle swept round and stared at his nephew. And on his red, angry face the eyes were wide
enough to see the whole of his deep, blue irises.

“It is the law, Fili. I can’t make exceptions for anyone, not even my own kin.” His eyes swept over his nephew again. “Especially not my own kin – after they have brought shame and ridicule on my lineage.”

Fili didn’t know what his uncle was saying. Surely his uncle would do him no harm? His uncle loved him.

“But, I don’t want to die, uncle!”

Thorin looked into Fili’s blue, pleading eyes, and nodded.

“There is another way, Fili. Though some would say death was more honourable.”

“What is it? Tell me!”

His uncle strode over to the bed, and sat down beside Fili. He cast his eyes over his nephew’s naked form in silent appraisal.

“According to our law, a pregnant male may be spared by his king, on the condition that his king agrees to... take him as a wife.”

Fili stared uncomprehendingly. “But how can I be your wife, uncle? I’m a boy?”

Thorin shook his head. “Your body will soon change, Fili. It is perhaps best not to outline those changes right now, since you say you do not wish death – for I do not wish your death either.”

“Changes?” Fili cringed, and looked down at his fattening gut. If he was pregnant, how was the baby going to come out? What was going to happen to him? He swallowed thickly, feeling lightheaded with worry.

His uncle took his hand. “You are my flesh and blood, Fili. And I will look after you - if this is what you want.”

“But – as your wife?”

His uncle nodded. “You will have to submit to me.” He looked hard at his nephew, and Fili thought he saw a bright glint of lust amid his uncle’s dark blue eyes. He realised his uncle was quite serious. “You will take me as your lover, Fili.”

Fili shook his head. “But I don’t want to...”

Thorin frowned. “Then you will die. It is your choice.”

The young dwarf closed his eyes, feeling his world coming crashing down all around him. Maybe he could run away, and escape this terrible choice? He could live life in the towns of men, on his own... with his baby? With his and Kili’s baby? And lose his family, and his home?

He knew he could never walk away from Kili, and leave him alone like this.

So he could choose: his life, or his honour?

His uncle stared at him, expectantly. Fili nodded his head, and stared hard at the bed sheets.

“I will be your wife then, Thorin. I have no choice”
His uncle nodded.

“You will have to renounce your titles. You are no longer fit to be my heir. From now on your status at court shall be that of a royal concubine. Do you understand?”

Fili nodded, feeling dumbfounded.

“You brother shall become my heir apparent.” His uncle fixed his eyes on his downcast nephew, not wanting to spare him the truth. “Until such a time as you bear my children, Fili.”

The blonde dwarf looked at his uncle, appalled. “You wouldn’t...”

Thorin smiled sadly. “It is what will be expected of us both, Fili. A king cannot be seen to be impotent.”

Fili could feel himself starting to shake, his fear finally starting to overcome his emotional reserves. His uncle saw his reaction, and laid a heavy, hairy hand on his nephew’s shoulder.

“I promise I will not hurt you, Fili.”

His uncle’s hand traced down the muscled biceps on Fili’s arm, and stared in approval at his nephew’s long, tender cock, lying softly coiled on his thigh amid a tumble of golden curls.

Fili felt his uncle’s grip tighten on his arm as Thorin drank in the naked beauty of his body, and felt a spark of curiosity rising within him. His uncle’s touch was so much more measured, and his lust so much more contained... it awakened a need within him.

Perhaps it would not be so terrible to be taken as Thorin’s lover...

His uncle obviously saw the interest on Fili’s face, for he laughed, and took Fili’s hand. He placed it on the straining crotch of his trousers, allowing his nephew to feel the hot, hard form of the enormous bulge. Fili quailed, wondering how on earth he would ever take such a large organ inside himself.

His uncle leaned towards him, and took Fili’s testicles in one large, hairy hand. The blond dwarf gasped in surprise, and was met by his uncle’s hard, blue eyes. The older dwarf tilted his head towards Fili’s, and kissed him hard on the mouth.

“I will be gentle with you, Fili. Until you are ready. Have no fear of me.”

Fili broke away, struggling for air, and tasting his uncle’s breath on his lips.

Thorin stood up abruptly.

“I will give you some time to think about this, Fili. I will not force myself on you just yet. I need to inform the others about your predicament, and... make certain arrangements.”

The lips on his uncle smiled, and Fili saw the hard blue glint again. “But tonight you will come to my bedchambers. That shall be your quarters from now on.”

The blonde dwarf could only nod.

“Yes, uncle. As you command.”

And with that, his uncle left Fili lying on the bed, feeling utterly shell-shocked and alone. He curled into a ball on the bed, wondering how he was ever going to tell Kili about all of this.
And how he was ever going to go through with all of this...
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

My apologies at being late with this chapter: I got peer-pressured into chinning Jaegerbombs at my work Xmas party on Saturday night. And it wasn't until 10:30pm Sunday that I stopped finally throwing up... The Christmas spirit gives me the right boak these days!

From somewhere in the Erebor halls, the sound of raised voices reached Fili’s ears and his eyes half opened. He heard shouting, and the distant sound of a door slamming, and rubbed at his sleepy eyes.

It was dark outside. He’d slept past sunset. Although at this time of year that told him very little about how late in the day it really was. He remembered there was something he had to do that evening – something unpleasant, involving his uncle... and in a flash it all came back to him.

Fili clutched at his distended belly and gave a small cry.

How could he be pregnant? How could this be real? Why had nobody ever told him that the stories were true? He felt like he’d somehow been lied to his entire life, and now his body had developed a mind of its own, and was working against him in treachery.

How could he possibly bear a child? The very thought made him shudder. He didn’t have the right anatomy for such a thing to be possible, did he? So how was it possible? What was going to happen to him?

He would run away, he decided. It was the only choice he had. He couldn’t stay here, disinherited and humiliated, and submit to being his uncle’s wife. The shame of it made his eyes water.

Fili looked around the room, suddenly desperate to escape the mountain and flee before he had to face any more of them. He staggered to his feet and withdrew from a cupboard his travelling bag, and began to rapidly stuff clothes and weaponry into it.

And in his haste, he didn’t hear the footsteps approaching the door...

And suddenly Kili was in the doorframe, staring intently at Fili with glittering, dark eyes.

“Were you planning a trip, brother? I can’t blame you for trying.” There was the suggestion of a frown around Kili’s pouting lips, and Fili at once flinched in the sight of his brother’s gaze.

“Kili, I need to leave. You must let me go.”

But his younger brother shook his head. “That’s not going to happen, Fee, and you know it. You’ll stay right here where I can watch over you.”

He stepped across the room, letting the door swing closed behind him, and took his brother’s wrist, twisting it until Fili dropped his bag.

“What are you doing, Kee? Leave me alone!”
His brother saw his anger, and smiled slowly.

“I can’t leave you alone, Fee.” And with his free hand, Kili cupped his hand lightly around his older brother’s belly. “You’re mine now. You’re going to bear my child.”

Fili watched the look of satisfaction sweep across his younger brother’s features, and the chilling realisation dawned on him.

“You knew... You knew what you were doing to me.”

Kili nodded, relishing his brother’s surprise.

“I don’t know why you’re so upset, Fee. It’s not like you haven’t made a baby before.”

Fili stared at his brother, appalled.

“That’s different. They were women – they want it.”

“And so did you.”

Kili took his brother’s wrist and placed it sensually on his hip, enjoying the look of confusion on Fili’s face as he didn’t know whether to pull away or hold his brother closer.

“You wanted me, Fee. I’ve shown you a better time than any of those women have. And now, you get to live your life in Erebor, being pleasured by our handsome uncle...”

Fili withdrew his hand as if burnt.

“You wanted me disinherited, didn’t you? That’s what this is about!”

Kili stepped closer towards his brother, and whispered in his ear.

“When our uncle is finished with you, brother, you shall be mine. I shall be your king, and you will belong to me.” He poked his brother in the belly. “More than you do already.”

Fili shook his head, too angry for words.

“What do you think our mother will say when she hears about this? The shame of it will break her heart.”

Kili shrugged casually. “I think she’ll be more excited about meeting her first grandchild.” He looked his brother evenly in the eye. “And the rest, she doesn’t need to know. None of them do, Fee.”

Fili half smiled. “And how is that, brother? They say the truth comes out eventually.”

His brother continued to stare at him forcefully. “Because as you said, Fee – it would break our mother’s heart. And it would make our uncle very cross. He might just decide to have you executed after all, if he knew how you’d squealed like a dirty whore when you let me fuck you, night after night.”

Fili felt the colour rise in his cheeks, reliving the memories in an instant.

They made him feel dizzy.

“I need to sit, Kee, I don’t feel well.”
His brother nodded, sympathy all over his face.

“You are pregnant, dear brother. You need to let your body rest while it’s growing my baby.”

The blond dwarf groaned and sat down on the bed.

“Don’t you mean our baby?”

But Kili shook his head. “No, that’s not how it works. You’re not a woman, Fee, your body doesn’t have any input into this.” He reached out a smooth, strong hand and took a lock of his brother’s fine, blonde hair, running his fingers through it admiringly. “All of the baby comes directly from my seed. I read it in a book somewhere…”

Kili trailed off, as if bored of the conversation already, and raked his hand down his brother’s chest. “When do you need to be in uncle’s quarters?”

Fili stared out of the window, at the blackening sky, and wondered again how late it was.

“He just said this evening.” The dwarf’s clear, blue eyes looked to his brother’s in anguish. “But I don’t want to go, Kee. I can’t do this. You have to let me leave!”

And Kili traced his pale, skinny hand down his brother’s warm face, savouring the jutting cheekbones and the fuzz of the blond beard – tracing his hand all the way across his brother’s moustache and across his trembling lips, feeling the breath on his fingers as Fili shut his eyes and leant into the hand.

“No,” his brother said simply. “They can shout at me all they like, but they’ll never stop me from seeing you, Fee. They’ll never keep us apart.”

He watched as Fili’s face nestled into the curve of his palm, and relaxed its heavy features.

Kili withdrew his hand, and smiled cruelly as his brother’s face dropped forward.

“And even when I’m king, and married to the finest dwarrowdam from all my dwarf lands, I’ll still find the time to come and entertain you, Fee.”

He saw the sadness of betrayal on his brother’s face, and at once leant forward and kissed the blonde-rimmed lips delicately and fervently.

“You’ll never be free of me now, Fee. So stop moping around and get used to it. Go and impress uncle and make him happy. That way he’ll be less inclined to notice what I do to you when he’s done with you.”

Fili stared wide-eyed at his brother. “But I don’t want to.”

“It’s too late for that, Fee. Much too late. You need to go to see Thorin now – he’ll be expecting you.”

Fili closed his eyes, feeling more alone in his brother’s company than he would have ever thought possible. He felt his brother squeeze his inner thigh teasingly.

“The first time’s the worst, brother. Just hang onto that thought. He can only break you in once!”

And Fili closed his eyes, his brother’s merciless laughter echoing around his head, as his thoughts swum around in panic.
It was only a short while later – though it felt like no time at all – that Fili found himself standing in the cold, draughty corridor outside his uncle Thorin’s bedchambers. Kili had abandoned him to his walk of shame, and now he stood, shivering and fearful, waiting for his uncle to open the door and receive him.

And before he could properly collect his thoughts, the heavy panelled oak door swung open before him and he stood face to face with the heavy-set, stern-faced dwarf king. He was clad in a long silken robe, lined with a grey fur trim that accentuated the salt and pepper flecks through his course, wild hair.

The king eyed his blond nephew fixedly for a moment, taking in the haggard, desperate complexion on his cheeks, and reached out a thick, hairy hand towards Fili’s tunic.

“Come in, Fili. I’ve been expecting you for some time. You didn’t have second thoughts, did you?”

His uncle sounded displeased, and Fili quickly shook his head, not wanting to rouse his uncle’s temper so soon.

“I fell asleep, uncle. I’m sorry.”

Thorin looked at him curiously, his face softening as he saw his nephew tremble in the threshold.

“Your apology is accepted, Fili. But you know... you really shouldn’t call me uncle anymore.”

Thorin smiled slyly at him. “What will pass between us now is not that kind of relation.”

Fili raised his blue eyes to his uncle, trying to assess how unpleasant his night was going to be, and nodded.

“Yes, Thorin. What else would you have me do, sire?”

Thorin licked his lips, enjoying himself. “That’s better. And you can start by taking your clothes off again, Fili. There’s no need to hide such a beautiful sight under that drab, old leather.”

Fili took a deep breath, and nodded again. He tried not to look at his uncle, but Thorin strolled leisurely to a soft, wide chair beside his bed and sat himself deeply into it, watching his nephew’s stiff, shuddering movements with an inscrutable expression.

Fili left his clothes in a heap at his feet, and tried to stand straight and tall while his uncle’s eyes roved over his naked body. Whatever they said, and whatever they did to him, in his heart he was still a prince of Erebor – and they would never strip that dignity away from him.

Thorin beckoned him over with a crooked finger, and Fili followed with a heavy heart. He felt like a dog being summoned.

“Sit.” His uncle gestured for Fili to sit in his lap, and the younger dwarf complied, trying to look composed.

“There are two ways we can do this, my lad, and which way it goes is largely up to you.” The dwarf king’s deep blue eyes bored into him, and Fili tensed involuntarily.
“We can do this nice, and you can get used to taking me easy – or we can do it quick and hard. I don’t know which way you’d prefer, Fili, but since I know you’re not really here to enjoy yourself, I’m asking you now.”

Fili had the impression that he was supposed to be honoured by this, but in truth, it just terrified him even more. Sitting here, so close to his uncle, he could smell the older dwarf’s musky sweat seeping through the silk robe and feel the hot, meaty breath on his face.

His uncle’s physical presence was vast at the best of times, and sitting here like this, Fili felt like a twig that was about to be snapped underfoot by a great, lumbering beast.

“Do it easy, I don’t want it to hurt...”

His uncle smiled paternally, and reached out to take Fili’s shaking hand.

He placed it under the silken robes – where Fili couldn’t see – and placed it on his thickly swollen member. Thorin’s cock was not yet fully rigid, and already it was bigger and longer than Fili had ever imagined. The size of it thrilled him, and he found himself reaching his fine, thin fingers around its impressive girth, finding his fingers only just able to meet around the throbbing shaft.

Without realising what he was doing, he began to pump his hand up and down his uncle’s greasy cock, wondering how exquisitely terrible it would be to have this monster specimen take possession of his small, dwarf body.

He heard his uncle stifle a groan, as the blood started to engorge his stiffening cock, and Fili realised he wasn’t going to have long before he would find out.

“Stop, Fili...” His uncle’s voice trailed off, and Fili saw his eyes were closed, and his cheeks flushed and ruddy. “It’s too soon.”

Thorin opened his eyes, and glanced around the room. “Lie on the bed, on your back.” And his uncle pushed him lightly towards the floor, forcing the blonde dwarf away from the giant cock and back to his senses.

Without a whisper of complaint, Fili lay on his back, his blue eyes staring up at the patterned curtains around Thorin’s bed, and heard the ragged breathing of his uncle coming closer towards him.

He felt his uncle’s firm hands attach themselves to the inside of his leg, and steadily part his thighs, running lightly over his testicles and gripping his own, hardening cock with his rough, bear-like hands. Fili felt a shock run through him as his uncle began to work him steadily, and closed his eyes, still seeing the crazy patterns swirling behind his eyes.

“Relax, Fili. You know I’ve always loved you more than anyone. I want you to be happy...”

And Fili felt the breath leave his lungs as his uncle’s hot, heavy breath focused on his thighs. And when Thorin’s tongue started licking the base of his cock, he shuddered with pleasure. His uncle worked gently on him, slowly licking and teasing, sucking and caressing – every part of his rising manhood. The sensations were ticklish and rousing, and Fili felt himself craving something harder, and firmer, and stronger, so he could lose himself fully and forever to his uncle’s commands.

“Thorin, I’m ready – I’m ready for you.”

He heard himself moaning for his uncle, and felt Thorin withdraw his head to study him carefully.

“Not yet, you’re not.”
The dwarf king withdrew his mouth, and smiled at his nephew’s proud, eager erection.

“Bend over, Fili. On your knees.”

Trying not to think too deeply about what was about to happen, Fili rolled over onto his stomach, and assumed the position in front of his uncle. He presented his ass high in the air, and readied himself for the monster cock...

“This will be cold, Fili. I’m sorry.”

And suddenly, he felt his uncle’s fingers searching for his opening, then digging hard and upwards inside his butt, getting a feel for his width and angles. And before he could squirm free, something cold and slick was inserted carefully into his butthole, something metallic and rounded... and Thorin was pushing it inside of him, ignoring the resistance in Fili’s muscle.

He felt himself groan again, as the discomfiting pressure radiated through his hindquarters. And hearing his pain, Thorin released the pressure and withdrew the metal shaft slightly.

“To make you wide for me, Fili. It’s easier this way...” His uncle’s voice was husky, and Fili could tell he was using all his self-control to keep the greased dildo steady, as he pumped it slowly in and out of Fili’s ass.

“I don’t want easy anymore,” Fili could feel the dildo opening him up, hitting the sensitive spots inside him and sending violent urges through his body. “Just do it, uncle.”

He heard Thorin’s breath come in a shudder, and knew he’d pushed a button in the older dwarf’s mind.

“I need your cock, uncle, please... fuck me!”

And his uncle wrenched the cold tool from inside of him, and Fili felt his uncle’s hot crotch lining up behind his butt. A trickle of sweat rolled down his forehead as he thought of the giant cock poised to take him, and his legs nearly buckled underneath him with the anxiety and anticipation...

“I will take you now, Fili. I wish I could stop myself...”

Fili cried out as he felt the warm, hard head of his uncle’s cock tear through the opening of his ass, and felt himself begin to bleed already as the giant member stretched him wide. He cried out in pain, and his uncle slowed slightly, trying to restrain his burning desire for his nephew’s body... but it was too good to resist. Both of them felt it.

Ignoring the pain, and giving into his animal urges, Fili forced himself further onto his uncle’s shaft, seeking to have the huge cock buried inside him forever, the burning sensation just a delicious distraction from the shame and the fear he’d felt all day. Behind him, he heard his uncle panting heavily, as he finally felt the resistance leave his nephew’s body, and allowed himself to pump away freely at his Fili’s young, tender buttocks.

Fili felt his uncle’s full, heavy abandon, and knew his pleasure was building together with his own, and let himself moan and grunt as the pain and the pleasure took him higher with each thrust, until he felt the shooting sense of relief pulse through his cock when his uncle’s groans reached a gruff, strangled cry.

And then there was a delicious moment when his uncle’s body was fully fused to his own, and for a few blissful seconds, Fili felt himself whole and renewed, and forgot his worldly troubles as his uncle’s monstrous, shuddering cock spurted its thick cream deep inside of his heaving body.
“My nephew, Fili – you are mine now.”

Fili felt the words echo through his ears as he collapsed onto the bed beside his uncle, and wondered what they meant. If every night was like this, then he could perhaps live with being his uncle’s toy for longer than he thought...

“I am yours, uncle.”

He heard himself agreeing, as his limbs entwined with the dwarf king’s, and he closed his eyes for sleep.

And for the first night in a long while, he didn’t dream of his dark haired brother...
The first few months of Fili’s newfound servitude passed in a blur.

By day, he found himself largely alone – save for the occasional visit from Oin to check on his health. None of the rest of the Company seemed to want to visit, and though Fili felt rather lonely, he was secretly glad. He didn’t want any of them to see him in this shameful state, with his waistline thickening by the day – he wanted them to remember him as he still saw himself: as a strong, brave and gallant young warrior.

He couldn’t imagine what they’d think of him if they could see him now. He could hardly even bare to look at his own body anymore. It felt like some stranger’s, and whenever he caught sight of his growing, pregnant belly he felt a wave of cold dread seep into his heart.

He occupied himself as best he could: making arrows, mending clothes – and sleeping more than he thought possible. He was so tired all the time, that any plans he’d ever had of running away were dismissed out of hand.

But try as he might, he could never busy himself enough to stave off the frightening thoughts of what was to come for him, and where all this was going to lead. He had no idea what was going to happen to him.

And nobody would tell him when he asked.

The nights were now his favoured time, the time when he felt most comfortable and could think less.

By night, he served as a one-dwarf harem to his royal uncle. And for most of those long, laborious nights, his uncle would use him at least once – and sometimes many times – to relieve his aggressive sexual urges.

But Thorin never tried to be rough, and never meant to hurt him, and Fili enjoyed submitting himself unquestioningly to his uncle’s authority. He found himself secretly waiting for the sun to set, and for his uncle’s return to the bedchamber they shared. For at night, Thorin would talk ceaselessly and issue endless commands to his young nephew, each of which seemed designed to push Fili further away from the rarefied dignity he’d felt all his life and further towards acceptance of his new role as the king’s glory hole.

He’d been forced to fellate his uncle morning and night – a task he found especially degrading, given his uncle’s insistence that he swallow every last drop of the bitter, tangy juice.

The first time he’d been commanded to perform – him barely awake one dark morning, with his uncle’s raging erection pushed in his face – he’d been so disgusted at the thought of swallowing his own uncle’s semen that he’d tried to break away at the last moment and had forgotten Thorin’s strong hands lay around his neck. His uncle had gripped his blond braids to hold his head in place, and had sprayed the runny, white cock cream all over Fili’s straining face instead, coating his moustache braids and cheeks with his sticky wet seed.

Thorin had been angry to be insulted in such a way, and had ordered Fili to scrape the semen off his face with his index finger and suck it down, bit by bit – which Fili had done with stinging eyes and a wobbling lower lip, hating every second of it, while his uncle watched him carefully to make sure he finished.

He’d learned it was better to keep his uncle’s shaft deep within his mouth when the time was
coming, so that Thorin could pump his seed straight into his throat. It left a burning aftertaste, and Thorin frequently used Fili’s blonde beard to wipe himself clean afterwards, but it allowed him to retain the facade of compliance, and he tried his best to hang onto some dignity whenever he could.

For Fili had also learned – very quickly – that refusing his uncle’s demands was not such a sensible thing to do.

It had been one evening when he’d felt exhausted, when the aching pain in his abdomen mingled with a bone-shattering tiredness, and all he wanted to do was be left alone to sleep in the darkened, peaceful bedchamber.

But his uncle had evidently had other ideas in mind, and upon his return soon had Fili roused from his repose, and made him strip off his flimsy linen leggings and lie on his back with his legs bent in the air, so Thorin could fuck him face-to-face for the first time.

But as Fili had saw the gleeful lust in his uncle’s cold blue eyes as he bore down on his pained, tender body, he’d felt a sudden horror within his heart that erupted in a violent nausea, and he’d flinched and squirmed and tried to escape from Thorin’s lecherous clutches.

“I don’t want to, uncle – not tonight! I don’t feel well!”

And as soon as the words were out of his mouth he knew it had been a mistake. Nobody said no to the king – not even his own family. And especially not his wife.

Thorin had been silent for a moment or two, his erection fading sadly, and his face heavy like thunder, as he eyed his young nephew darkly.

“Very well,” he’d said, rising to his feet and consulting the wooden chest that lay close to his bed – and Fili had felt the first knots of disquiet in his stomach – for he knew well what kind of things his uncle kept in that chest. “We’ll try something else instead then.”

And as his punishment – although Thorin never explicitly used that word – Fili’s wrists had been cuffed around one of the end-posts of Thorin’s bed, and he’d been bidden not to struggle. Fili had watched, curious, as his uncle showed him a thin, grey wire and slowly reached a hand down to his nephew’s round belly, and beyond.

His uncle’s hand had lingered possessively over Fili’s flaccid cock, and he’d felt the first stirrings of arousal as Thorin’s delicate fingers skimmed over the thin, silky skin and tugged playfully on the end of his hardening penis. Thorin had smiled at him then, seeing the effect his hands were having on his young nephew, and had stroked him harder, until Fili felt the blood rushing in his ears and teetered on the edge of letting go.

And then, cruelly, his uncle had stopped the stimulation, leaving Fili all wound up and desperate for release, but with no means to help himself.

Instead, Thorin had taken his nephew’s balls in hand, and even as the blonde dwarf gasped in pain – had tightly coiled the silver wire round and round the base of Fili’s ballsack.

“It’s a castration device we use for unruly livestock.” His uncle had explained. “I want you to feel what it can do.”

“Please take it off! It hurts!”

And Fili had watched in helpless alarm, as his uncle had marched out the room and left him lying there, with his balls swelling and turning purple – a dull, sickening pain spreading through his
abdomen, and a sick feeling of fear deep in the pit of his stomach.

And eventually his uncle had returned – but rather than removing the wire, he’d tightened it further, and then set about pawing his sweaty hands up and down Fili’s shaking body, as the blonde dwarf squirmed in discomfort.

“Please, Thorin,” he’d begged, “take it off!”

“It’ll hurt _more_ once it comes off, Fili. Maybe I should keep it on you overnight and see what happens?”

“No!” Fili couldn’t hide the desperate panic in his voice. “Please! I’ll do anything you want, just take it off!”

And Thorin had smiled approvingly, satisfied his nephew was learning. He’d unhooked his trousers with a flourish, and lifted his nephew’s legs high above his shoulders – bending Fili in half so he could be more easily penetrated – and had driven himself greedily into his nephew’s helpless body.

And though Thorin wasn’t rough that time, Fili had never felt so violated. His uncle stared into his eyes with every push of his thick cock, and Fili felt his uncle’s will tearing into his own – and understood that the mature, kingly dwarf would always easily overpower a brash young pretender like himself. He could only submit, and let himself be ruled by his uncle – his body and his mind should be as one – and both would belong only to Thorin.

Thorin had groaned and exploded into him, and Fili had closed his eyes, the pain in his crushing testicles overwhelming him – and when his uncle’s hands eventually released the wire bond, he’d felt a pain that took his breath away.

But he’d understood well enough: it was a pain he deserved.

He must have been on the edge of blacking out from the ordeal, when he’d dimly became aware of another, unusual sensation, and had opened his eyes to see for himself.

For Thorin had been hunched double, with his red lips around Fili’s own organ, urging him higher and harder, and Fili let himself go to his uncle’s commands, and drank in the generous gifts of pleasure his uncle chose to bestow on him. His uncle was manipulating him expertly, and Fili felt himself beginning to tremble in his uncle’s mouth, as all the pain and shame of his submission mixed with the naked pleasure he felt as Thorin sucked on his spurting cock – and though it hurt him to do so, his final release came slowly and burned through his entire body in waves of relentless, shooting ecstasy. He knew he must have screamed as he came, for when he came to his uncle’s fingers were on his lips, and a haunted, guilty look lay over Thorin’s face.

“Don’t make me do that to you again, Fili. It hurts me far more than you know. I love you, and I want you to be happy with me.” And Thorin had blinked back tears, and eyed his nephew hopefully.

“You are happy, aren’t you?”

The answer had come before Fili even had time to think. “Yes, Thorin. I love you, and I have never been happier.”

“That’s good,” his uncle had said, “because soon your body will start changing, and I want you to have experienced some pleasure before that happens...”

Fili hadn’t known what his uncle meant, and despite his many requests, Thorin wouldn’t tell him.

The only thing for sure that Fili did know, was that he had gotten a lot bigger. He knew nothing
about pregnancy in women – his interest in them had never extended to that part of their lives – but he reckoned he looked like they did when they were ready to burst.

And the thought chilled him.

He desperately wanted someone to talk to about it, but Kili had been keeping his distance. No doubt he was leaving his brother to get properly acquainted with their uncle, but Fili missed him terribly. They’d never been parted for more than a few days – and even though he was furious with the way his brother had played him, he craved his company.

And so when Fili heard a familiar rapping on Thorin’s bedchamber doors one morning, it brought a tremor of joy to his heart.

He stole over to the door, hardly daring to hope it could be true – and was grateful to see his younger brother in the doorway, his eyes twinkling warily in the passageway outside.

“Fee, you’re looking... well. I wondered if I might come in? Thorin said I could come and see you,” he added hastily, laying it down right away that this visit was sanctioned by their royal uncle.

“Of course.”

Fili stood aside, and let Kili sweep past and into the grand bedchambers where Thorin kept him.

“These certainly are splendid quarters, Fee. Very romantic. Has Thorin been treating you well, or...” Kili turned away from the fine furnishings and gave his brother a sly smile. “Do you miss me?”

Fili shook his head at his brother, not wanting to talk about such things in this room, of all places.

“I’m fine, Kili. Thorin has been treating me well.”

He didn’t know what else to say – for he didn’t know what his brother’s purpose here was yet. Had he just come to gloat? Was he here with some news? Or because he felt bad about his part in this?

Unwilling to give anything away, he fixed his brother with a cold stare and sat on the bed.

Kili sat down beside him, rather too close for Fili’s liking, and reached a hand out to his brother.

“Can I touch it?”

And he placed his hand on Fili’s swollen belly, and stroked it admiringly. As if he was proud of his handiwork.

“Does it hurt?” He looked casually up at Fili, a half smile on his face, “Do you feel anything move around in there?”

Fili felt himself blanch, but shook his head.

“I get those pains in my abdomen, that’s all. The actual bump – doesn’t hurt. Why?” His voice suddenly wavered. “Is it supposed to? They won’t tell me anything, Kee – I don’t know what’s supposed to happen.”

His brother’s grip on his belly strengthened, and Kili sat up straighter.

“I don’t know if I should be the one to tell you this or not, Fee, but it probably is going to get worse.”

“What is? What do you know, Kili? Tell me!”
His brother gave him a hard look, as if weighing something up in his mind, and nodded.

“Brother – you’re pregnancy is nearly over. I’ve been reading some books about this...” He trailed off, as if unwilling to continue, and Fili rolled his eyes.

“I gathered that much. What do these books say?”

Kili cleared his throat. “They say that male dwarfs who used to conceive were subject to an ancient operation – designed to prepare them for the birthing process – which was obviously not what your body was primarily designed to do, brother.”

“What operation?” The very word filled Fili with foreboding.

Kili shrugged. “I don’t know if that’s what Thorin wants for you, Fili – it might not be – I don’t want to go worrying you...”

“What operation?” Fili heard his voice shake, but he didn’t care. All of a sudden he was very worried, and felt a searing pain in his belly.

His brother looked him in the eye, and Fili could see the guilt and discomfort there. “I’m sorry, Fili – I never meant for this to happen to you, I just want you to know that...”

“What operation, Kee?”

Fili realised he was on his feet, standing up, and his blood was pounding in his ears. He felt a pressure in his belly like nothing else he’s ever felt, and the sharp, burning pain seemed to move and flicker all around his abdomen.

“Fee, are you okay?”

In a second, his brother’s arms were around him, and Fili could smell the fresh, grassy scent of the herbs Kili used to clean his hair. Their smell seemed to envelope him, smothering and cloying, making him want to gag.

“Fee, sit down!”

And Kili was lowering him onto the bed – lowering him onto his back so he could lie there and feel the waves of pain rising up through his belly. He threw his head back and groaned, finally admitting to himself that this was worse than normal – this was bad – this really hurt.

He turned in desperation to his younger brother, who was leaning down beside him looking worried. “What’s happening to me, Kee?”

And the silent look of apprehension on his brother’s face told him everything.

“It’s time, Fee.”

The words just confirmed what he already knew, in his heart, and in his body. And the blonde dwarf closed his eyes and let his face convulse in disgust as the sick truth brought turmoil to his mind.

He shook his head vigorously.

“No! It can’t be! I’m not ready!”

“Fee, I have to go and get Thorin and Oin.”
“No! Don’t leave me!”

“I’ll be back soon.”

And Fili watched as Kili bit his lower lip and hurried away from the bed he lay on, making for the door with high speed.

“Kee, come back!”

Without his brother, he felt lost. He needed him here, for this – whatever this was.

Fili tried not to groan again as another wave of pain enclosed his belly like a vice. He had no idea what was about to happen to himself, but he knew it wasn’t going to be pleasant.

He just hoped it wouldn’t be as bad as what he feared was coming...
Chapter 6

Fili closed his eyes as a crushing pain flared through his belly, and tried to distract his worried mind by counting to ten under his breath, hopeful it would be over before he reached the magic number.

He lost count at four, arching his back into the bed where he lay – where Kili had left him lying as he went to find help.

This could not be happening to him. Kili was just teasing him again, surely.

There was no \textit{birth}.

He \textit{desperately} wanted to believe it.

And in that desperation, he was still convinced – in some shadowy part of his thoughts – that this was all just an elaborate prank. Perhaps his brother and uncle had planned it together, and even now were laughing at how their sick, cruel joke had convinced him to play his part in their sordid abuse of his body. They had wanted to debase him like this all along, and he hadn’t had the wit to stop them before things had spiralled from his control...

He reached a hand out to his belly, and felt a grotesque, rhythmic movement under the surface of his stretched skin. The feeling repulsed him. It felt like there was something alive in there – like some huge, hungry parasite, that had been feeding off him for weeks, was waking up at last and trying to chew through him...

He opened his blue eyes in horror, staring into nothingness in Thorin’s bedchambers, and felt an icy fear in his chest.

There \textit{was} something inside of him. And it was trying to come out. He knew that now – if he looked at the naked skin, where his tunic was rolled up – he could see that the skin covering his distended belly was \textit{crawling}...

He cried out in disgust, and writhed on the bed in pain and desperation, suddenly wanting to be as far away from his own body as possible.

And as he squirmed, he heard voices at the door. Voices he recognised.

Maybe this time they would help him?

He stared ahead, wild eyed, and recognised the stocky figure of his uncle leading a small party through the door, stern faced and narrow eyed all of them. There was Kili, his brother – the one who’d got him in this position in the first place, the lying snake – and Oin, the healer with the cold, roving hands – and who was this? A woman?
Fili stared hard, wondering if his eyes were playing tricks on him, as a tall dark-eyed woman with raven hair followed the dwarves through the doorway into the king’s own bedchambers. She was the first female being he’d seen for months, and she was young and beautiful. One of the Laketown women, no doubt. He stared at her soft, full lips for a second or two, and felt an agonising self-consciousness at his predicament.

The woman must have noticed his attention, as she gave a small smile and raised her eyebrows at him.

Fili tried to hold himself together under the scrutiny of the four of them, as they watched him wordlessly, but he could bear the silence no longer.

“What’s happening to me?” He tried to hide the fear in his voice, but he knew they could all hear it. And they could no doubt see it on his face, and see it in the jerking movement his hips were starting to give, as the pain slowly, incrementally ratcheted up.

His uncle cleared his throat. “The birth is upon you, Fili.”

Thorin moved closer, next to the bedside, and prodded deeply into Fili’s hard, round belly. He nodded his head, and turned to the others. “It is time, bind him to the bed. This is as good a place as any.”

Fili locked his eyes on his uncle, feeling a bead of sweat trickle down his brow. “Good for what, Thorin?”

But his uncle merely nodded to Kili, who approached from the other side, and the two of them each took a wrist and began tying his hands to the bedposts. As soon as he realised what they were doing, he tried to struggle free, but they were too quick for him. And while he was preoccupied with breaking his hands loose, he didn’t notice that Oin and the woman had each grabbed an ankle, and were spreading his legs far apart.

He stared up at the woman, as he felt her hands gently caress the skin around his ankle, and saw her produce a length of cord from a pocket on her apron.

“Shh, it’s okay, Fili.” She smiled at him softly, and he found himself staring at her breasts, high and firm under her cotton dress. He could see their outline clearly, and knew how soft and squeezable they would feel under his palms. She was definitely attractive. And he wanted to believe her. He wanted her to keep on touching him, and make this horrible nightmare go away.

And as he stared dumbly, she finished trying the cord from the lower bedpost to his ankle, and looked to his uncle for approval.

And suddenly aware he was trapped on the bed, he tried to jerk his limbs free. But it was useless. Even when he tried with all his strength, the rope was unyielding.

The four of them exchanged satisfied glances, pleased with their work.

“Fili,” his uncle began, “we are going to remove your clothes, and make an assessment. And what we do to you – what we do for you – will depend on the assessment of Oin, and our lady Lorena here.”

The black-haired woman flashed him a smile from behind her full, red lips. “I am the midwife of Laketown, Fili. I’m here to help you. Let me know when the pain becomes stronger, and I’ll give you some relief.”
“Stronger?” Fili thought for a moment. “It’s pretty strong now.”

But the woman shook her head ominously. “Not yet, I’m afraid.”

Fili stared at her, wondering what she meant, and stared up at his uncle. But his uncle avoided his eyes – as did his younger brother.

In fact, Kili seemed more preoccupied with the woman standing beside him than he did with his older brother, and Fili felt his fists ball up under the ropes in bitter jealousy.

“Remove his clothes. Take a look at him, Oin.” His uncle’s voice was cold and emotionless, and utterly devoid of any sympathy.

The healer bent down and rummaged though his large medicine bag on the floor. It sounded to Fili’s mind that there were a lot of heavy, metallic implements contained in there, out of his line of sight, and he didn’t much like the sound of them. They sounded either large and heavy, or sharp and stabby – and either way they could not bode well for him.

The healer returned with a large pair of scissors, and positioned them at the hem of Fili’s trousers, before cutting upwards carefully. The blades were cold, and as they rose up his thigh, the blonde dwarf shivered uncomfortably. The fell of the metallic blades so close to the sensitive, precious parts of his body chilled him with a looming sense of dread.

He remembered their talk of an operation, and shuddered.

But they must be talking about a caesarean, of course. The kind of operation they gave to struggling women – and animals – and anything else struggling to give birth to something that was too big for them. What else could they possibly mean?

Fili shook his head, trying to put the unsettling fear out of his mind for good. He felt the chill fall on his skin for real now, as the trousers and tunic he wore were shredded under Oin’s scissors, and stripped mercilessly from his swollen, heaving frame.

And finally his churning, writhing body was exposed to them all, glistening under a layer of sweat and bound helplessly in front of them. He couldn’t see his genitals from behind the throbbing bulge in his belly, but he could feel them shrinking from view as the four pairs of eyes scanned him up and down, fascinated by the beginnings of this obscene birth on his muscled, masculine form.

The healer was the first to comment, pointed a finger right at Fili’s crotch, where he couldn’t see, and murmuring to the woman beside him.

“You see, he’s unnaturally swollen. It must be done.”

Fili saw the woman nod, and turn to address his uncle. “We will conduct a full physical exam to be sure, but it looks like the stage three operation will need to be performed without delay.”

The dwarf felt his head spin, and looked to his brother for reassurance. But Kili was staring morbidly between Fili’s legs, the expression on his face curious.

“What are they going to do?” He felt like his voice was tiny, a million miles away from these people standing all around him – for none of them reacted to his pleas.

He looked to his uncle, his jaw set grimly in determination as he regarded Fili’s body coolly.

And then something cold was being placed on his skin – something cold and hard and greasy was
being driven inside of him – by the old white-haired healer. His eyes met Fili’s as the blonde dwarf sputtered out a cry of shock at this unexpected intrusion, and he slowed down.

“Is this better?” The old dwarf slowed the insertion, as if looking for approval from his former prince.

“Yes, yes,” muttered Thorin. “He’s taken wider loads than that, Oin – just get on with it!”

The older healer shrugged. “As you command, my lord.”

Oin flicked something on the cold, hard shaft, and Fili felt an unbearable pain run through the entirety of his anal cavity. The shaft had arms, spreading out inside of him, stretching and tearing at him, pushing him outwards... and he had the horrible feeling this thing might suddenly puncture him, so sharp and sudden was the pain.

He threw his head back on the bed and tensed his body, trying to find a more comfortable position with this implement jammed inside of him – but each movement only brought more pain.

“It’s nearly over now, Fili. I’m sorry – parts of this examination will not be pleasant for you.” The healer’s voice was sympathetic, but still the anal probe tore at him viciously, and Fili for a second forgot the flickering ache in his belly as this new hurt forced its way into his senses.

“Take a hold of him now – see which direction it’s coming from.”

Fili heard his uncle’s words, but they meant nothing to him. He just wanted the thing in his ass to be removed – along with the horrible, crushing pressure in his belly – but all these people seemed to want to do was torment him more.

And then he felt a hand on his penis – and he looked up in surprise to see the woman’s hand moving rhythmically between his legs, and she squeezed lightly on the length of his shaft, examining it as it reacted to her touch, wrapping her palm gently around it and watching him rise for her. Fili heard himself whine unsteadily, feeling his body responding readily to her urging, despite the pain he could feel.

But rather than bringing him any pleasure, it just deepened his shame.

What must she think of him now?

What woman could ever want him now?

He was heavily pregnant, his masculinity in tatters. He’d always been the one who could show the ladies a good time, who could use and abuse them as he liked – who’d fathered illegitimate children by the score.

And now he was about to experience what only women ever should – how could he ever reclaim his masculinity after this?

He could feel their eyes on him, watching in interest as he grew harder and moaned in frustration under the midwife’s touch, caught somewhere excruciating between a spreading, sensual pleasure and a vile, sordid shame as his belly heaved uncontrollably and his desire enflamed.

And as if to finish him off, he felt the woman’s other hand reaching out for his testicles – squeezing them firmly, wringing another groan from his trembling lips, before her fingers slid down his sensitive, fevered skin towards the metal shaft impaling him.

“Oin, his capacity for pleasure is still intact. Perhaps a stage two incision would be more
appropriate?”

The healer flicked another switch on the probe, and Fili felt a moment of dazzling pain as the implement twitched inside of him, tucking its evil legs back together so the healer could slide it out. Its absence brought a blessed relief for a few moments, before Fili felt the tearing pain in his abdomen return with a fiery vengeance.

“That’s a consideration for our king, my lady. What do you say, Thorin? He belongs to you now. How would you like us to open him?”

Fili opened his eyes and saw his uncle staring tenderly down at him, a rare look of concern crossing his rugged features.

“Open him as you must. This will not be his last birth – he will bear me many more. I want him fully readied this time.”

Fili felt his lip wobble as the words.

“What are you saying, Thorin?”

“Ready him now. The sooner you operate, the better.”

“Thorin?” Fili stared at his uncle, and saw the look of guilt in Thorin’s dark blue eyes. And for once, his uncle returned his gaze. He leant fully over the bed where his nephew was restrained, and planted a kiss on his lips. Fili felt his uncle’s beard hairs interlock with his own, and tasted the familiar, musky scent of his uncle’s sweat.

“I’m sorry, Fili. But I won’t give you up to anyone else. You will be mine forever after this. And you will be happy.”

“What are you going to do to me?”

Fili tried to sit up, but the restraints stopped him. He stared round the four of them in horror.

“Kili, what’s happening?”

But his brother just shook his head. “It’ll all be over soon, Fee.”

Fili stared at his brother, searching his face for signs of guilt like his uncle’s, but could see nothing.

And then suddenly, a damp cloth was thrust over his face, and held tight against his nose and mouth, forcing him to inhale the sickly sweet fluid saturating the fabric.

He struggled in vain again, and felt himself growing weaker and weaker with every breath, until he almost welcomed the overpowering sense of exhaustion taking control of his body, forcing his eyelids shut and quieting the struggle in his limbs, blanketing all the terrifying thoughts in his mind with a cloying darkness...

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... And then all he could feel was pain.

It was a living, pulsing pain, that gnawed through every nerve in his body, centring on his penis, but emanating outwards to his entirety. Even his toes were curled tense in discomfort.

He tried to take a breath, but he realised there was something stuffed in his mouth, and strapped
across his face like a gag. He lay still for a second, breathing through his nose, and tried to collect his thoughts.

And then he became aware of the hand on his shoulder, and the dark presence beside him, watching him for reactions.

It was Thorin.

He tried to struggle free of his bonds, but the hand increased its pressure on him, bidding him to lie still, and Fili complied instantly.

“You will be wondering what has happened in your sleep, Fili, and I shall tell you.”

Fili winced as a wave of discomfort swept through him, and he saw a movement by Thorin’s side.

“We have given you as much pain relief as you can have, for now. In another hour, I will give you some more. You will have a plentiful supply in the days to come, do not worry.”

The blonde dwarf stared up at his uncle, trying to speak through the gag, but Thorin wasn’t really listening to what he tried to say.

“We have removed the eggs from you, Fili. There were two of them – both larger than normal. Your brother said we should let them hatch among the stones by the furnaces, but I had them thrown from the highest window of Erebor onto the rocks by the lake. You shall never have to see your rapist’s offspring hatch.”

The hand stroked at his shoulder gently, and Thorin continued. “You are ready for me now, Fili. All ready to take my seed and fill up for me – and the next time will be easier for you. The incision is made now.”

Fili shook his head. He couldn’t see in the dark what they had done to him, but he could sense it was not good.

“We had to make a cut, Fili – to let the eggs out. Sometimes, a male dwarf body develops a channel through which they can pass, just like that of a woman, but I’m afraid this did not happen to you.”

His uncle stopped, as if making sure he had Fili’s full attention.

“So we had to cut from your belly to your balls to release them. Your body would have tried to expel them – as it does your own seed, if we had not done that. And believe me, Fili – that would have been worse for you than this.”

Fili felt a deep throbbing between his legs, and could feel a scream building up in his throat.

“We had to sever it, Fili. It would never have worked again, do you understand?”

Fili felt a tremble run through his body, and closed his eyes, trying to breathe normally.

They had cut it off. He was no longer a proper male.

How could he ever fuck a woman again now?

And who would ever want him now?

Fili closed his eyes, and let out a long, wailing sob.
Beside him, his uncle watched, a sympathetic expression on his face, and nodded.

“Your testicles were saved, Fili. You will still feel desire – you will still feel pleasure when I fuck you.”

The blond dwarf recoiled as he felt his uncle’s hand run over his bare chest. His hand traced over Fili’s tender, swollen nipples, and Thorin shifted in position to get a better purchase.

And then Thorin brought his hairy chin lower, tickling Fili with the wiry, course beard hairs, and latched his lips around his nephew, sucking slowly.

Fili moaned as he felt the milk start to flow freely though his nipples and into his uncle’s grasping, hungry mouth. The act was strangely satisfying, even after all the humiliations he’d endured, and the abuse his poor body had taken on behalf of his brother. He could see Thorin shifting uncomfortably by his bedside, obviously growing aroused at the thought of what he was going to do to Fili once he was recovered, and understood that there was no escaping this fate any more.

The damage that had been done to him was too permanent for going back now.

His future was with his uncle, as his wife and possession.

And maybe his brother too.

And as Thorin reached a hand to tug on his own virile cock as he fed on his nephew’s teat, Fili’s thoughts turned to Kili, and how he could repay his brother properly for this emasculated bondage he’d been forced into...
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hey, I'm sorry about the delay in updating this!! I hadn't forgotten - I was just ridiculously busy seeing folk over Xmas. And then Hogmanay hit - and that was about four days lost to the traditional Scottish binge drinking. Throw in a couple of deadlines at work - and I've had no time for anything the past fortnight. Thank the gods it's January again and we can all get back to normal...

So yeah, this story is getting more and more disgracefully fucked up.

I hope it meets your approval...

He didn’t know how long he’d been lying there, motionless on the bed. The hours had come and gone, and yet Thorin had never returned to the bedchambers. Fili guessed he’d slept elsewhere for the night – the daylight at the window told him it was tomorrow already, although time seemed rather pointless to him just now.

The pain medication they’d given to him was easing off enough for him to feel the first throbs of the knife they’d used to cut him. The amputation they’d put him through. But even with the stirrings of discomfort that he felt, the real agony was on the inside, in his cloudy-headed thoughts.

He could never fuck anyone again.

The severing of his penis, like his pregnancy before it, seemed like a nightmarish hell that he hoped he would wake up from. And with his hands still tied to the bedposts, he couldn’t even touch himself to find out how bad the damage was.

Thorin had told him they’d cut everything off – there wasn’t even a stump left. They’d severed the tube that led to his testicles, so he would no longer be able to spurt seed – although they’d kindly allowed the duct itself to remain in the same place. So he could piss sitting down, like a dwarrowdam.

Their humiliation of his masculinity was complete.

And he knew exactly who was to blame...

He shifted uncomfortably, wondering if some more blessed sleep might be within his reach. He worried, if he lay here much longer, he might start screaming and never be able to stop.

He heard footsteps drawing closer to the room, and tensed.

What fresh misery was coming here now?

With an exuberant burst, his brother appeared in the doorway, the pretty midwife by his side. Kili had his arm around her waist, and the two of them were smiling about something...

“Good morning, Fili, how are you feeling today?” His brother flashed him a guilty looking grin, and squeezed the woman’s waist.
“I need something to drink. Water! And get these ties off my hands!” Fili struggled against the ropes, emphasising his bondage.

But Kili shook his head. “Those bonds are there for a reason, Fili. They’re worried you might hurt yourself if your hands and feet are released. Thorin was very explicit about it. He wants you to stay like that until he comes for you tonight.”

The handsome young dwarf strolled casually to his brother’s side, and extended a leather bag. “I did bring you some water though.” He uncorked the bottle, and nodded to Fili. “Open wide.”

The blond blinked as his brother poured the cool water into his mouth in front of the smiling woman, and tried not to dribble. He didn’t want to be seen like this, by her.

She was too pretty.

She cleared her throat softly, when she saw he was finished drinking, and Fili found his eyes locking momentarily with hers. He saw sympathy in her expression – and something else too.

Pity.

“I’m sorry that your eggs were lost, Fili.” She smiled kindly at him. “But Thorin tells me he will be resuming his affections towards you without delay – so in a few months time you’ll have some more. And when they hatch, a few months later, you’ll have his babies to look after.”

Fili shuddered involuntarily, his skin crawling.

“I don’t want to. I can’t do it again!”

But the woman smiled sadly. “It will be easier next time. Now you’ve been opened up, the birth will be less painful. Quicker too. You’ll be glad of what Thorin did for you yesterday, next time you’re in labour.”

Kili nodded quickly. “It was for the best, Fili. It will hurt less this way.”

Fili shook his head, rage filling his mind. “I can never fuck a woman again! Or father her children. And you expect me to be grateful about it?”

The woman met his gaze calmly and blandly. “You were never going to do those things again anyway, Fili. You’re Thorin’s wife. Why would you think he’d let you touch a woman?”

Fili felt the helplessness of his rage turn itself to despair. There was no arguing with them. They wouldn’t take any culpability for the pain he was left in.

The woman continued, her voice firm. “We need to check on the wound, Fili. We need to check your cut is healing, and that the bleeding has stopped in your new opening.”

Fili felt his head spin. “Opening?”

Kili took a step away from him, back towards the woman. “Where the eggs came out of you, brother.”

The woman had already lifted the sheet from him, before he could respond, and Fili felt his stomach lurch as he saw what had become of his body.

Loose skin hung over his belly from where it had been stretched, but that wasn’t the worst thing. For between his legs, in the blond curls that lined his thighs and groin, where his long, lovely cock
should be hanging there was a bloody bandage instead.

He heard himself cry out in shock, as the woman’s slender hands deftly stripped the dressing off, revealing a small, raised stub of ugly, weeping flesh, where his penis used to be.

It was a stump, of sorts. A stump lying atop a long, bloody gash, that cleaved nastily through his stitched-up testicles.

The woman inspected it carefully, and nodded with satisfaction.

“It’s healing perfectly. I’m going to leave the dressing off now, so it can dry out completely. You’ll have a big scar, of course. And some pain on urination. But it’s looking good!”

Fili hardly registered her words. He couldn’t take his eyes off the horrible mutilation. It sent a feeling of weakness and nausea right through him, to look at it. Yet he found himself staring in transfixed horror.

Kili eyed his brother’s wound with distaste, his face screwing up as he studied the emasculation. His hand unconsciously went back around the woman’s waist.

“Don’t worry, Fee. Thorin says you’ll still feel pleasure.” He looked his brother in the eye, and winked knowingly. “Just not with the ladies.”

Fili stared at his brother in despair, feeling utterly betrayed. And Kili grinned back.

The dark-haired woman cleared her throat.

“What your brother says is true, Fili. You will enjoy your husband’s affections – provided he is careful not to disturb your wound while it heals. I will have words with him myself, don’t worry.” She smiled at him jovially. “I will instruct him all about how to pleasure you – a woman’s body is somewhat more sophisticated after all...”

Kili smirked and raised an eyebrow at the midwife.

“Thank you, Lorena – I’m sure my brother will thank you for your assistance. Now if you don’t mind, I will have some words with him myself – alone.”

The woman nodded. “Of course, Kili.”

Fili felt his skin bead with sweat at the thought of being alone again with the dwarf who’d done this to him. What was his brother going to do next?

Kili smiled at the pretty young woman, and raised an eyebrow teasingly. “I’ll see you in my quarters later?”

The woman blushed, and nodded. “I’ll see you later, my lord.” She cast a sideways glance at Fili, still staring dumbly at his brother. “I will visit in three days to check your healing, my lady. If you need any help before then, have your husband send for me or Oin.”

Fili watched her sashay from the room, her white cotton dress stretching enticingly across her round buttocks with each step.

My lady.

The words echoed around Fili’s head, pouring salt on his wounds.
She didn’t see him as a male, worthy of attraction and admiration like his younger brother. She saw him as one of the girls – one whom she could gossip with, and munch cakes with, and bitch about their menfolk with!

Fili felt the blow like a hammer. What was everyone going to think of him now?

As the door closed, Kili pounced. He whirled round to the side of the bed, and sat facing Fili on the edge, staring serenely down on his older brother.

“You know,” he began, “Thorin has instructed everyone to refer to you as a *darrowdam* from now on. Your official titles at court are all feminine.”

Fili felt his brother’s warm, hazel eyes watching him closely, assessing his reaction. But Fili had no energy left for fighting any more. All of what he was, felt broken.

His brother had won.

“But I’m still male!” He pleaded. “What you did to me – what they’ve all done to me – doesn’t change that. You can’t mutilate me like this and expect it to change me inside!”

Kili shook his head. “What you think or feel is irrelevant, brother. What matters is what the king says matters. And if Thorin wants me to call you ‘sister’ from now on...” Kili smiled sardonically, and reached a hand out towards Fili’s swollen breast. “I can only obey.”

Fili groaned as his brother gave his breast a gentle squeeze. He knew what was coming, and he was powerless to resist his body’s impulses.

The feeling of his brother’s warm flesh on his aching skin brought a dribble of milk from his hairy breast. They both saw it, and Fili felt the humiliation burn on his face.

“Tell me, Fili,” Kili brought his lips close to his brother’s ear. “Is this the body of a dwarf – a male dwarf – that you have now?”

Kili’s palm moved over his brother’s nipple, so his strong archer’s fingers rubbed and pulled on the glistening teat directly. And Fili felt his body respond as it had to, with a feeling of pleasure and happy relief, as the crushing pressure under his skin was allowed to flow freely at last through his swollen, ruined chest.

His brother lowered his sculpted, fine face towards Fili’s heaving torso, and affixed his lips hungrily to the source of the flowing milk.

Fili’s breath came in shallow bursts as he felt his brother’s tongue playing on the hardened, lengthened nipple – and when his brother began to suck on him, he squirmed in shame. He hated this sensation – this degrading, feminising sensation – of being suckled by his own brother. He hated the feeling of the milk pouring through his nipples – physically satisfying as it was. He realised he’d been craving this since he woke – this feeling of suction on his breast – and it disgusted him.

“Stop it, I don’t like it, Kee!”

His brother raised his head, curious. “I suppose you’re right, brother. I shouldn’t exhaust you before our uncle comes back.”

Fili took a shuddering breath, wondering how long he had until his uncle’s greasy fingers were upon him again.
“It’s just a game to you, isn’t it Kee? What you’ve done to me? You don’t care. Everything that was dear to me has been taken away – all because of you! You and your treacherous scheming.”

Fili took another deep breath, and strained once more against his restraints. He wished he could get his hands around his brother, and show him with his fists what sort of dwarrowdam he was not.

“Maybe I’ll tell Thorin that it was you that did this to me!”

His brother eyed him mildly. “And be responsible in Mother’s eyes for what he does to me? You won’t! And we both know it.”

He stroked Fili’s head sympathetically – his wet, milky hand brushing over the bright blonde braids still gracing his brother’s head.

“Your hair needs brushing, Fili. Your braids are tangled. Although – I suppose – Thorin will want them resetting now – you’ll no longer be wearing your hair in a warrior’s style, I expect.” The hazel eyes narrowed. “I mean, how can you wear war-braids, and intimidate our enemies, when you couldn’t even keep your cock?”

And a sudden, shooting pain between his legs caused Fili to wince.

It was Kili – his brother had pressed his fingers over the bloody stump where Fili’s cock should be, and was massaging the wound that trailed down to his balls.

“You know every time you give birth, your stump will be ripped open? That gash between your legs is just like a woman’s cunt now, brother. That’s why we’re going to call you a dwarrowdam. Because you are one.” Kili’s voice was close to his ear again, and Fili could feel his brother’s hot, wet breath as his terrible words poured forth into Fili’s mind.

“I could fuck you like a woman in that gash now, and knock you up again!”

His brother’s fingers groped for entry into the wound, and Fili almost screamed as he felt them finally find the opening – the opening to his new gash – the new cunt they’d tore off his cock for.

“I expect Thorin will keep prodding you in the ass – he’ll no doubt take a second wife with a better cunt than yours – but I’m not so fussy, brother.”

And Fili felt the younger dwarf clamber fully onto the bed, mounting his helpless, bound form with a malicious glint in his eye.

“Let’s see how it feels, shall we?”

His brother’s words brought a wild horror to Fili’s mind, and he blindly struggled against the restraints in dismay.

“No, Kee! Not like that...”

But his brother was already unbuckling his belt, and freeing the long, cruel cock that Fili remembered so well. The darkly-curled mirror to how his own penis had been – proud and eager and hard in an instant.

Fili stared at the curtains around Thorin’s bed, trying to blank out what was happening to him. He focused on the crazy geometric patterns, as he felt a sharp, tearing sensation and heard his brother groan heavily.
And then his brother was pumping him – pumping into him from the front, into this newly-torn hole – and a strange, unsettlingly good feeling of fullness washed over Fili.

He felt his brother’s body brush against the stub of his amputated cock, and shuddered.

He felt suddenly weak – the prisoner of his brother’s penis, and unable to resist the pumping, grinding pressure his brother produced each time Kili pushed into Fili’s gash. He wondered, as his brother’s grunts of exertion increased in his ear – whether this is what all those women had felt when he’d ridden them – this feeling of powerless abandon, and the shameful, shocking penetration of the cock that claimed their cunts as its own.

He could feel his brother readying himself for release inside him again, and Fili’s breath caught in alarm.

“Don’t Kee – don’t do it!”

But his warning came too late, for Kili was already preparing himself for one final thrust, and when he’d buried himself as far into his brother’s bleeding hole as far as possible he shook with pleasure and a low, deep grunt of satisfaction rumbled from his throat.

“You’re mine, Fee!”

And Kili groaned in frenzied abandon as his cock spurted its juices deep inside Fili. The flickerings of tension flitted across his dark, fine features as his body pulsed as one in rapture, surging his seed into his brother’s weeping hole.

Fili’s eyes, still fixed on the patterns, closed in horror. He had been claimed again by his brother, as only a woman should be claimed, and the experience had been almost enjoyable.

What was happening to him?

“Your cunt’s almost as good as your asshole, brother.” He heard his brother purr in his ear, and a sweaty hand was run affectionately through his braids. “Next time, I’ll have to try both out to compare...”

But before Fili could respond, he heard the heavy tread of footsteps behind the door.

Kili heard them too, and for a split-second the brothers’ eyes locked together in alarm.

The door was flung open, and Thorin strode in – with his old friend Balin by his side. The two of them stopped dead in the doorway, and stared in shock at the sight of Kili’s bare ass astride his prone, splayed brother.

“What is this? What are the pair of you doing?” Thorin’s voice was a roar of outrage, and Fili felt his testicles tighten in terror.

Was their secret about to come out?

He looked up to see the look of shock and fear on his brother’s face, and despite it all, Fili felt a stab of concern for his younger brother.

What was Thorin going to do to him now?

What was going to happen to both of them now?
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

My apologies for how late this last chapter is - I've been meaning to get it written for AGES, but my sadistic boss has had other ideas and keeps giving me shitty deadlines at work.

This chapter is a bit longer than some of the others, but I thought it best to leave it like this rather than splitting it up into two smaller ones.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy the finale to this sick and twisted tale...

Fili felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand to attention as the temperature in the room dropped under Thorin’s icy rage. His uncle stood in the gaping doorway, flanked by the stern old soldier Balin – both of them standing frozen in shock at the scene they’d interrupted in the king’s own bedchambers.

“Kili – what in the name of Mahal are you doing?”

The younger dwarf, still recovering from his violent and lustful tremor, shook his head slightly as if confused by their intrusion. Or as if instantly afraid.

Fili suspected it was more the latter.

“I, er..” Kili stared at Fili intently, and the blonde dwarf saw the calculation in those hazel eyes he’d once loved so deeply – the cold-blooded, selfish calculation of some reptilian creature, not the loving brother he’d trusted and admired.

The flame of hatred flared suddenly in his own chest.

After all his brother had put him through, Fili had never felt so piteous as he did now – with these two walking in on his own, feminised, debasement – and by his little brother, no less. Gone was the opportunity to garner some measure of sympathy from his old friends at his unfortunate circumstances – for now the truth would be laid bare. Their secret would be exposed.

Fili’s weakness – his inability to resist his brother, and their illicit, immoral lusts – all would become public knowledge now. And despite his sense of shame, and the murmur of fear that clutched at his chest, he was quite glad.

The crushing burden would be lifted now, whether he willed it or not. And after all they’d done to him, what more could they possibly take from him that held any more value?

He took a deep breath, and tore his eyes away from his brother – meeting Thorin’s outraged face head on.

“Kili was helping himself to my body, uncle. As has become his custom.”

Fili heard his brother’s sharp intake of breath at his betrayal, and felt the first real satisfaction he’d known for weeks.
Without wavering his gaze, he continued. “I wanted him to stop – I told him to – but he wouldn’t.” Fili wagged his bound hands to emphasise his impotence. “He has brought shame on me, uncle – and shame on you in your own bedchambers!”

Seeing the look of stunned disbelief on Kili’s face sent a thrill through the blonde dwarf’s body, and Fili wondered whether the smile of vengeance was as obvious on his face as it was within his heart.

“Is this true, Kili? Speak now. What have you done to your brother?” Thorin’s voice was straining to be calm and steady – an obvious a trap to his young nephews’ ears.

Kili took a gulp and straightened up, turning to face Thorin with his trousers around his knees and his wet, shrinking penis glistening with his guilt. There was no denying that his brother spoke the truth – the evidence was there all over his flushed face and his brother’s sticky thighs.

He stood there wordlessly for a moment, letting Thorin take in the enormity of the crime committed against his kingly honour, watching as his uncle’s eyes were drawn again and again to the rosy cock and balls that hung freely under his tunic.

Finally, Kili gave a shrug, and smiled innocently at his uncle.

“I must apologise to you, Thorin – I was indeed profaning your bedchambers, and for that I am sorry. Your anger is justified. But I was only giving my brother what he asked for. What he said you wanted me to do to him.”

Fili saw Balin shake his head in disgust, while Thorin narrowed his eyes in scrutiny. But as if deciding to take the bait, he nodded pointedly at Kili.

“Explain. What did I want you to do to my wife?”

Kili took a deep breath, and hung his head sadly.

“A few months ago, uncle – I did something shameful. I’ve been torn up with guilt ever since.”

Fili glared at his brother’s back, wondering where he was going with this.

“And in an attempt to heal that dirty conscience, I told my brother about what had happened. I told him how I’d been seduced... by an elf.”

There was a hissing intake of breath from the two older dwarves at the news of this latest atrocity. Fili saw that Balin’s eyes bore into the dark haired heir to Erebor with a new suspicion.

“You had sexual relations... with an elf? You openly admit to this, Kili?”

Kili nodded, his eyes downcast. “I’m sorry. She was very pretty – but maybe that was all part of her witchcraft. I should have known better.”

Thorin and Balin exchanged a look, and Fili could see that this revelation disturbed them greatly. Thorin shook his head, impatient and annoyed.

“Your contrition is irrelevant, Kili. You slept with the enemy. It seems the desire to mock and humiliate your family runs deep in you?”

Kili sighed. “I confided this matter to Fili, uncle. And he was as angry as you are now. It made me realise how wrong my behaviour had been. But then he told me something else. He told me that – unless I agreed to... do things to him – he would tell you – and everyone else. And then I would be
executed for treason!”

Kili broke his story off with a choked sob, and put his face in his hands, allowing his words to settle in on his audience before continuing.

Yet as he listened to the contrived performance, Fili could only shake his head in fury, stung by his brother’s lies.

“That’s not true, Kili! How can you say these things about me?”

But Kili ignored his brother’s protestations, warming now to his theme. “I don’t think Fili knew he could get pregnant that way. Thorin. He was as shocked as I was when he found out. But he made me keep coming to his quarters – he told me he’d say that I forced myself on him if it ever all came out... but then you took him as your wife, and I thought I was safe. And so today, I wanted to tell him it was all over – that he would never have me again – but as soon as I got here he made me fuck him like a woman!”

Fili took a deep breath, feeling his face reddening with the injustice of it all. He couldn’t tell from his uncle’s reactions whether Thorin believed any of this fantasy or not. The king’s face remained as angry as ever, and it was hard to see what aspects of Kili’s tale affected him the most.

Thorin stared at both of his nephews in turn.

“Finish your account, Kili. Tell me why you would ever think this is what I wanted. I’m having a hard time seeing it myself.”

Kili nodded quickly. “I would never have agreed to such an act unless I thought it was true, Thorin. But Fili told me that...” Kili swallowed dramatically, his face hesitant. “He told me that you were **impotent**. And that the only way for him to conceive again without questions being raised was if I...” Kili trailed off, sensing there was only so far he could push this line of reasoning before Thorin swung an axe at his head.

But Fili could see the simmering rage underneath Thorin’s calm exterior. The king’s eyes narrowed slightly – and the big vein on the side of his forehead started pulsing maniacally.

Kili certainly knew what buttons to press with his uncle, and Fili worried whether Thorin would be able to recognise truth from lies in such an emotional state. He had to admire his brother’s gall, if nothing else.

Kili had always been an accomplished liar.

And Fili could stand for it no more.

“It’s not true, Thorin – not a single word of it! All this time, he’s the one who’s been mocking you behind your back. I let Kili touch me one night – and I wish to Mahal that I had not – for that was the day my life ended. Since then, I’ve been nothing but a plaything for Kili – and for you – and everything I was in life has been taken away from me.” Fili glared around the room at the three of them, a savage anger in his heart.

“If you believe his lies, then fine. Take your sword and finish me off – you’ve taken everything else. But I have never betrayed you or our people, and I won’t have the honour of my name called into doubt by my scheming brother, after everything else he’s done!”

Fili closed his eyes, searching for some peace of mind through the turbulent rage. Maybe he’d spoken disrespectfully to Thorin, and maybe that hadn’t been wise – but he just didn’t care anymore.
If this was the end, then so be it. His brother might win, but at least Fili would not allow his lies to go unchallenged.

He heard the silent seconds go by, and realised Thorin was pondering their words – weighing up the testimony of both of them, as if Kili’s stories were just as worthy as his own pleas.

And finally, the king spoke, and Fili opened his heavy eyes wearily to hear his judgement.

“Balin – go and fetch Oin. Tell him to come at once, with his medicine bag.”

The older dwarf nodded, and turned on his heels in the doorway, no doubt glad to take his leave from the awful scene.

As he left, Thorin nonchalantly shut the door, and strode over towards his nephews. His face was a picture of thunder.

“I suspect I know which one of you is lying – but it does not matter. Neither one of you is innocent, and you will both be punished for what you have done.”

Thorin took another step towards the bed, drawing closer to Kili.

The younger, more handsome of his two nephews looked up at him warily, taking his measure of Thorin’s powerful form as he approached.

Thorin stopped himself inches from Kili’s face, and stared down at him until Kili lowered his head in defeat.

From his bound position on the bed, Fili couldn’t see what passed between them, but he saw Thorin’s hand reach out to grab at Kili, and he heard his brother cry out in surprise.

“You have a very pretty cock, Kili. It’s a shame you’ve been wasting it on your brother, when it could have been used to please me.”

Kili’s cry rose an octave as the fear seeped into his voice. The threat in Thorin’s words was unmistakeable, and both of the brothers understood its awful implication.

“But before you start putting that cock to better use, Kili, I think it’s time we got better acquainted with each other. And maybe a good place to start would be me showing you how stupid you were to question my virility... what do you say?”

Kili shook his head, drawing as far away from Thorin as the bed would allow him.

“Please uncle – I am your only remaining heir. You have Fili to use like that now!”

Thorin smiled dangerously. “Oh yes – Fili. I’d forgotten. I have something for him too. But first, I think you should lie down beside him on the bed. I want to see you both kiss and make up.”

Kili stared cautiously at Fili – and the two brothers blinked in distain at each other once again. But obediently, and ever mindful of Thorin’s barely veiled threats, Kili shuffled onto the bed, positioning himself once more beside his brother’s naked, bleeding body.

Thorin smiled, gazing down at the pair of them thoughtfully.

“Now remove your clothes, Kili. Remove all of them.”

Kili didn’t even bother complaining. He seemed to understand that the less he provoked Thorin now,
the better it might go for him later. But as he pulled his tunic over his head and slid his trousers off, Fili thought he could see Kili’s hands shake slightly – although whether it was genuine or just part of Kili’s pretence of innocence, he could not say.

“That’s better,” Thorin purred. “Now, I want you to show me what Fili made you do to him, night after night.”

Kili blinked, feigning ignorance. “But he’s... not in the right position, uncle?”

Thorin gazed fondly at Fili’s degraded body, meeting his dismal blue eyes with a hungry smile. “Does it matter? Show me how well you claimed your brother with that pretty cock of yours.”

Fili groaned inwardly, unsure what his uncle was playing at. Who knew what crazed possibilities were now running through Thorin’s mind, now he had both nephews within his clutches?

Feeling Kili’s familiar weight slide on top of him once more, he shut his eyes. He couldn’t look at his brother’s hated face again – not like this. His skin tingled as if soiled by his brother’s touch – but Kili was wasting no time in easing his brother in. He slid his hands under Fili’s butt, lifting him up from the bed, and knelt further forward towards him until their bodies met.

Thorin stepped forward, his eyes taking everything in – from Kili’s look of concentration as his fingers found Fili’s balls and pressed them firmly like ripe fruits – to Fili’s weak sigh as his brother’s hands groped the last remaining vestige of his masculinity.

“Allow me to assist you, Kili.”

Thorin’s voice was thick with lust, and Fili opened his eyes to see which lucky nephew was to receive the king’s attentions now. But as he saw what his uncle had in his hand, he squirmed against his bonds in alarm.

For Thorin had retrieved – either from within his pocket or the chest by the bed – the length of silver wire with which Fili was horribly familiar. It glinted now in his uncle’s hands like a knife – and Thorin offered it to Kili.

“Wrap him up with this. Wrap him up tight, Kili – and then show me what he made you do.”

Kili took the wire, mystified at first – but then the sick request dawned on him and he smiled through the corners of his mouth.

“I guess you don’t need these any more, Fee.”

Fili tried to speak – but the words caught in his throat. Whatever they would do to him – let them do it. He would not beg them for mercy and degrade himself any further for their enjoyment.

Instead, he felt Kili’s long fingers wind the cold, cutting wire round and round the skin at the top of his testicles, tighter than Thorin had ever done, and faster too. The pain was sharp and instant, but the growing, sickening numbness soon spread through his balls, sending a nausea through his body as his balls began to ache.

And despite his despondency, his body tried to resist even where his mind could not, and Fili became conscious that his struggles were arousing his brother – who clawed and squeezed at his tortured balls with a new intensity.

And then suddenly Thorin’s face was in between them, his breath drawn heavily as he reached out his own hands and petted Fili’s purple testicles.
“Do you think we should complete his new body, Kili? Shall I finish him off?” Thorin’s fingernails scraped gently over the amputated stump of Fili’s cock, forcing a cry from the dwarf’s lips. “Or do you like him well enough as he is? I can’t decide what to do with him.”

Kili shivered as Thorin’s spare hand stroked its way down his spine, sliding into the crease between his buttocks – searching for his opening. But abruptly – perhaps sensing his youngest nephew’s anxiety – the older dwarf withdrew his probing hand and clamped it around Kili’s growing shaft instead.

“Do you like me touching you like this, Kili?” Thorin whispered into the dwarf’s ear, urgently stroking his handsome young nephew and watching greedily as Kili’s face glazed over and his mouth slackened fitfully.

“Yes, uncle. You feel good.”

Thorin purred approvingly. “Are you ready to fuck Fili for me now?”

Kili spluttered in agreement. “Yes, Thorin.”

Thorin licked his lips, his hand rubbing at his own crotch through his clothing. “Good. Do it now.”

Fili tried to relax his muscles, knowing well by now that tensing only made it hurt more – but as he felt Kili’s cock burrowing into his asshole he couldn’t help but writhe in discomfort, trying to keep his brother from forcing his way inside his tender, bruised body for a second time that day.

Not that it helped. Kili took a firm grip of his brother hips, and slid his way roughly inside Fili’s ass, his eyelids half closed as his cock found the wonderful tight warmth of his brother stretching open for his thick, sticky cock.

Surprised by the sweet sensation of fullness, Fili closed his eyes. He didn’t want to enjoy this – he wasn’t enjoying this and he wanted it to end – but he knew he had missed Kili’s cock inside him this way. It fitted him so well, and he knew his cheeks were burning with the disgraceful enjoyment his brother was forcing on him.

And as his rhythm sped up, Kili panted and groaned, and prodded painfully at Fili’s clamped ballsack, quickening his pace eagerly whenever Fili struggled against him.

The blonde dwarf felt a tingle at the stub of his penis, and knew his body wanted this, even if his head did not. He felt suddenly certain that his uncle knew it – and was enjoying watching his inner struggles.

“Thorin, please? Why are you letting him do this to me?”

Fili opened his blue eyes to implore his uncle, and saw that Thorin had undone his belt and trousers – he was obviously enjoying watching his nephews getting together. His long, thick dick was primed for attack, curled upwards to the ceiling – and his eyes were all over Kili.

“I hope you don’t mind me joining in?” Thorin smiled lazily, and sidled up behind his youngest nephew.

And at first, Kili remained oblivious – his awareness beginning and ending with how deeply he could bury himself inside his brother. But as realisation struck, Kili’s eyes flicked open in surprise, and his slack-jawed concentration quickly turned to panic.

Thorin was kneeling behind him, searching with his wieldy cock for entry into Kili’s virgin ass.
But he did not search long.

With a sudden cry of pain, Kili collapsed on top of his older brother – his uncle had piled into him as far as he could in a single thrust, without slickening his opening up at all.

Fili felt a grim vindication, hearing his brother’s cries as Thorin pumped and pounded his meat into the young dwarf’s tearing passage. Inside himself he could feel Kili’s cock wither and die, as the pleasure drained from Kili’s body.

Again and again, Thorin forced his thick, throbbing shaft further inside Kili’s ass, breaking the younger dwarf’s senses into unexplored realms of pain and sending a shuddering, frenzied trembling through Kili’s body. And Thorin’s own grunting grew louder and more frequent – until Kili let out a tortured squeal as his uncle finally filled him entirely.

“You were always the prettier boy, Kili.” Thorin whispered into his nephew’s ear, taking a quick break from his struggle. “You’ll make the prettier wife too – and give me prettier babies.”

Kili groaned desperately. “No! Don’t do it.”

But instead, Thorin met Fili’s eyes from behind Kili’s shoulder, and smiled. “You’re my wife now, Kili. You’re mine forever.”

And with a renewed vigour, Thorin lifted Kili higher and thrust into him with a frenzied intensity – while Kili closed his eyes and screwed up his face, his hands clawing at the bed sheets helplessly.

But there would be no escape for him this time. With a moan of triumph, Thorin blinked and shook, and Fili watched his brother’s eyes shoot open and stare in vacant horror as he felt Thorin’s cock erupt with potent seed inside his young, masculine body – their rutting completed and his fate sealed.

And despite himself, Fili found himself smiling. At least now his brother would understand what it felt like. He would understand the loss that he’d forced on Fili. The pain, the humiliation, and the degradation were secondary to the loss of that freedom and respect that a prince of Erebor should enjoy by rights.

And now his brother would join him, in this desolate state of incestuous bondage – but this time, he had brought it entirely upon himself. Kili deserved what was coming to him.

Thorin’s face squinted and gurned as a few final drops of his cream were discharged into the young dwarf, while Kili closed his eyes and groaned slowly.

“Stop crying like a woman.” Thorin pulled out of Kili’s ass, and wiped his wet cock idly with the bed sheet. “Or I’ll have to treat you like one and make you wear a dress.”

But Kili didn’t move, or react in any way. He just lay there dazed and distraught, and Thorin had to push him over to finally reach Fili.

Fili trembled as his uncle brushed his hand across his cheek affectionately. “You’re a terrible liar, Fili. So I knew you must be speaking the truth. I knew Kili was lying.”

Fili closed his eyes as he felt Thorin’s hand reaching for his testicles – although the sensation was almost gone from them now. To his surprise, his uncle began unwinding the silver wire, releasing him from their cruel grip – and Fili winced as the blood began to flow back.

“You’ll be alright, Fili. I won’t let anyone hurt you again. I’m sorry for treating you like a toy – I thought you enjoyed it like that. I know you were said to like it rough – with the ladies – and I
thought you could enjoy that with me.”

Fili felt a tear well up in his eye – the stinging in his balls was quickly becoming unbearable. But he was a dwarf prince, and he would struggle on and show no pain to anyone – not to his uncle, not to his brother – not ever. Because even now, Fili realised he still had his pride.

“I’m ruined, uncle. I’m nothing now. Just a plaything for you – I can’t do any of the things I used to, I’m just a eunuch.”

Thorin stroked his hand through Fili’s blonde hair, playing at the unkempt braids with look of concern.

“I have an idea to make it up to you, Fili. Things will get better for you.”

Fili smiled grimly. “But how? With another pregnancy – thanks to my brother today? I can’t go through with it again, Thorin. Not know I know how awful it is.”

Thorin stared at Kili thoughtfully. “It’s too soon after the last birth for you to get pregnant, Fili, you’re safe – not like your brother here. I think he should take your place here, with me. I think his sense of enjoyment is ... more aligned with my own. What do you say? Would you like to trade places?”

Fili swallowed, unsure if this was a serious offer. Of course he would like to trade places – what sane dwarf wouldn’t? Yet looking at his brother’s shocked, ravished body, he felt less satisfaction than he had done just moments ago. He didn’t want to wish his fate on anyone – not even Kili.

For shallow, stupid, selfish Kili maybe deserved a lot of things – but Fili would not be the one to condemn him like that. What would their mother ever say if she found out?

Seeing his nephew’s indecision, Thorin nodded. “I know you’re far too noble to say, Fili – so I will make the decision for you. I will announce at court that you have been absolved of your crime – all you did was try to protect the royal prince who raped you – and your punishment has been served. While Kili’s sentence... is just beginning.”

Hearing his name mentioned, the dwarf lying motionless on the bed uttered a groan.

“He should be seen to, Thorin – is that why you sent for Oin?”

Thorin smiled cryptically. “Not quite.”

Fili raised in eyebrow in question, and was about to ask his uncle what he meant – when a knock came on the door.

The king continued to smile sardonically at his blonde nephew, and Fili began to feel a creeping unease building up in his chest again.

“Enter.” Thorin bid the visitors inside the bedchambers, and Fili didn’t know whether to feel reassured as he saw the old healer come in with Balin – and his large medicine bag of implements.

“Did you bring your tools, Oin? Good. I have a new job for you.” Thorin turned round to face the incomers, and motioned to his nephews with a wave of his hand. “Prepare them both for surgery.”

Fear surged once more through Fili, and as he watched the little healer tipping the contents of a small glass bottle onto a cloth, he pulled on his ropes with all the remaining strength he had.
“You said you wouldn’t hurt me, Thorin! What are you doing? Let me go!”

Thorin smiled in amusement. “I will let you go – but first I have something for you, Fili. A surprise.”

The healer stepped forward towards the bed, holding out the dripping cloth.

“Please Fili, I need you to take a deep breath of this...” Oin held the cloth out towards the blonde dwarf, but Fili shook his head vigorously.

“No, not again!”

He saw his uncle shake his head in irritation. “Give it to me, Oin. The boy needs a firm hand.”

And suddenly his uncle was holding the foul-smelling cloth over Fili’s nose and mouth, and he could feel the muscles in his arms and legs weakening, the fire in him dying, choked away by the evil vapours...

“I will see you soon, Fili. Sweet dreams...”

_______________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

It was dark when he opened his eyes again – nearly as dark as it had been with his eyelids shut. There was a small, flickering glow coming from somewhere far off – a candle sending shadows darting across the room, and a strange, heady smell that made his thoughts run hazy...

And his hands – they were free!

Fili tensed his wrists, blissfully aware of the lack of ropes around them – all his limbs were free to move now, and he was free.

He wasn’t in Thorin’s bed anymore.

He was somewhere else – somewhere safe – and he was alone.

It was – his old quarters? Fili screwed his eyes to look, realising the layout of the room was the same familiar shape that it always had been.

He sighed peacefully, but then – like a hammer blow – the horrible memories came flooding back, one after another.

They had been discovered – and Kili had tried to blame him. But Thorin had seen through it, and had... what had he done?

Aware of some pain between his legs, Fili reached out a hand gingerly.

He had never touched the stump – and now, he found he was afraid to. Touching it would make it too real, and he was already weak enough from all the operations they’d performed on him.

Reminded of Thorin’s promise, Fili took a deep breath. If he’d been fully castrated, then he had to know. Now he was free of the bondage, he could flee this place, and find some escape.

The sooner he knew what they’d done to him, the sooner he could make plans for the new life he
intended to make. Whatever Thorin promised him, he could never stay here.

Maybe he could go to the lands of men, like so many other misfit dwarves had in the past, and find somewhere he could blend in quietly within one of their big, sprawling cities, where nobody would know his shameful story – or his hateful family name.

Steeling himself, Fili reached down – and a small cry choked on his lips as his hand brushed against something.

There was a bandage – just where there had been before. It lined the front of his belly, and skimmed the skin down to his balls. And it was sore – Fili thought he could feel stitches across his monstrous gash, where the skin felt all tight and itchy.

But there was something else too. And Fili gasped as his hand reached lower.

There was a cock – as long and as thick as his own had been – he could feel it through the bandages. And more importantly – he could feel with it, through the bandages. The slight brush of his hand sent a wonderful shock of pain through his nerves. A real, living pain – not like the raw sore he’d borne with his mutilation.

But how? How could this be?

The dwarf lay back on the bed in wonder.

And as the truth – the only possible truth – sank into his confused and drug-addled mind, he closed his eyes, and smiled decisively.

It seemed that wherever he travelled in the world, from now on, he would always have part of his brother close to hand...

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